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THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.—CLEARING FOR ACTION ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP: SENDING DOWN TOPMASTS.  
FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

What is it that makes "Boards" so wooden, so destitute of human feeling? or do they begin with being wooden and derive their name from their material? The late action of a provincial Burial Board in taking away the glass-case of flowers which a poor man had placed upon his daughter's tomb, is unintelligible on any other ground; no man would have done it, nor any body of men that was not a Board. In purchasing the grave, it appears that the father did not purchase the legal right of putting flowers on it; yet surely it is the flowers that sanctify the grave? The glass-case may not have been very appropriate; but in these matters the very want of appropriateness is often touching. There is nothing more common in the cemeteries of the poor than to see sea-shells placed upon the graves of those who have never been to sea: they are the only permanent record of piety within the means of the mourners, and are not, after all, more out of keeping with him who rests below than an angel insufficiently clothed, or one of those marble beasts to be bought in the Euston-road, supposed to be symbolic of human virtue. When I was a boy, I used to think it a recreation to wander among the tombs in Kensal-green; but they are much thicker on ground than they used to be, and it is difficult to find one's old favourites; moreover, some who were my companions are lying there, which makes a difference. There used to be a picture of a beautiful child on one of the graves, with the affecting inscription: "Is it well with the child?" "It is well." (I wonder what the provincial Burial Board would have said to that? Got an "injunction," perhaps, to remove it.) Some of the epitaphs were, on the other hand, unintentionally humorous. I remember one on the west side of the cemetery, near the entrance, over a Frenchman: "Suffocated in a London fog." One poor fellow had no epitaph, nor apparently any surviving friend; his name stood out amid the multitude of sorrowing adjectives—"beloved," "respected," "deplored," &c.—with pathetic blankness: "Captain somebody, *unattacked*." Perhaps the wittiest epitaph ever written (but it is not to be found in Kensal-green) was that composed on the heir of the Duc de Penthièvre, who died of love for Mademoiselle Miré, the musician: it was composed of the five musical notes, "MI, RE, LA, MI, LA," which were made a double debt to pay: "Miré has placed him there."

'Tis now the very witching time of year when house agents yawn—open their mouths, that is, very wide indeed, for poor Paterfamilias in search of a country residence. Those in the neighbourhood of London, whence a man can run up and down to his business, are let at fancy prices, though there is rather a curious limit to them. A cottage with a lawn upon the Thames will fetch its 25 guineas a week; but a palace in the same locality, I am told by those who hire palaces, is only 15 guineas more. Dear or cheap, I don't think Paterfamilias enjoys his tenancy much, except for "the back end of the week"—from Friday to Monday. He is too old for bolting his breakfast and catching morning trains, and it is disagreeable to have his rubber cut short in the afternoon because of the necessity of reaching some terminus in order to get home for dinner. For once it is the ladies who have the best of it. No one laughs at the head of the house for his urban proclivities, as they would do if it was the time of year for sport. It is thought shameful in an Englishman not to like pushing through the wet woods or turnips in pursuit of game; and it is popularly believed that in old times this was much more the case: that a man who preferred a town life to a country one was a contemptible "Cit," or "Cockney."

This, however, is an error; a letter lies before me, written exactly a hundred years ago, in dispraise of a country life, by one who was neither a man of letters, nor a man of fashion. He is telling his town correspondent what he has been doing in his rural retreat. "I ordered the old timber to be thinned: the workmen, for every tree they cut down, destroyed three by letting them fall on each other; I received a momentary satisfaction from hearing the carpenter had cut his thumb in felling a tree, but this pleasure was soon allayed on finding that he had measured false, and cheated me of 20 per cent. . . . I made a fine haystack, but quarrelled with my wife as the manner of drying the hay; the stack took fire, whereby I had the double mortification of losing my hay and finding my wife had more sense than myself. . . . I paid £20 for a dung-hill because I was told it was a good thing, and now I would give anybody twenty shillings to tell me what to do with it. . . . In one thing only I have succeeded: I have quarrelled with all my neighbours, so that with a dozen gentlemen's seats in my view I stalk along like a lion in the desert. I kept no plough, for which I thank my Maker, because then I should have wrote this from a jail. Such being the pleasures of the country, I mean to spend the spring in London."

This is also the time of year for abusing the river-launch, a vessel much "run down" on account of his supposed habit of running others down. It is too big for its waters; it is ugly; its voice is shrill; it causes waves to rise that are disagreeable to rowing-boats. All this is very true; but, nevertheless, for comfort and convenience, give me (or even lend me) a steam-launch in preference to any other boat that cleaves the stream. There are no perspiring rowers to watch, which is itself a relief to tender-hearted persons; you can move about in it without upsetting the ship, or shipping a sea, or unshipping a rudder, or doing anything else nautically objectionable. You have not got to look out (metaphorically speaking) for squalls; other people have to look out for you—and squall; you can take your luncheon like a civilised being, at an angle that admits of digestion, and a much better lunch than can be packed in a row-boat; you are not concerned about up-stream or down-stream—"But, oh, the difference to me," if I have to row!—and when it rains you can get under cover. Moreover, a steam-launch need not be a river demon.

I know of one which bears the name of the Comet, but which is termed by the aquatic world (because of the gentle ways of its lady-owner) the Compassion. It never "spurts" unless the course is clear; it "slows" whenever there is a boat within fifty yards of it; it never screams when it wants anything, such as a lock-gate opened, but blows a horn. Sometimes it tows a boat or two up-stream, when the joy and gratitude of the oarsmen are delightful to witness, and show what they really think of "rowing."

Alexandre Dumas has just been made Commander of the Legion of Honour for his "distinction in literature"; but he doesn't like Emile Zola being made a Knight of it for a similar reason. In France, it appears, there is some literary jealousy among novelists. In England we have nothing of the sort. Sir William Black does not turn up his nose at Sir Walter Besant, nor Sir Richard Blackmore at Sir George Meredith. They enjoy the titles conferred upon them by a grateful country without being envious of one another. It is understood that they have had much higher honours offered to them, but have declined them on the ground that they already "sit among their peers." It is only lately that men of letters have been "decorated" in France, unless being published in an *édition de luxe*, with illustrations, can be so considered; but, even when admission to the Academy was their only reward, they showed their teeth at one another, and—when they were not admitted—at the Academy. Everyone remembers Piron's epitaph, written by himself:—

Ci-gît Piron, qui ne fut rien,  
Pas-même Académicien.

Much later Vigée wrote to the *Journal des Débats*:—"Sir,—I, in pain, and feeling my end approach, I have thought it right to make my epitaph in order to spare my friends the trouble, and, above all, the embarrassment, of making it for me. Have the goodness, I beg, to give it a place in your paper. It is not very poetical, but, if my extreme age has not destroyed my judgment, I think it has, at least, common-sense:—

Here lies a poor poet; his verses were flat;  
And yet he the Institute missed for all that."

The "hostile meeting," as such affairs used to be called, between General Boulanger and M. Floquet has brought up all the old arguments for and against duelling. It is taken for granted by its supporters that when men could call one another out, they were more careful in their general behaviour, and more polite in society. This was really not at all the case; the good shots were very civil to one another, but exceedingly insolent to the world at large. The late Horatio Ross, who lived in the fighting days, and in the thick of the fighters, has left testimony upon this point that cannot be questioned. He was known to be the finest pistol-shot of his day; and, although he acted no less than sixteen times as second, was never challenged. The duellists knew better; but they bullied everybody they dared to bully. "I notice," writes Ross, "that people are now much more guarded in their language than they were in the days when swaggering and offering to fight a duel whitewashed them. . . . Some forty or fifty years ago (that is, seventy or eighty now), I have known the grossest insults offered to gentlemen, and without any ground for them; and I have not the slightest doubt that a marked improvement in the amenities has been caused by the abolition of duelling." The professional duellists used (metaphorically) to trail their coats behind them in every drawing-room—like Irishmen at Donnybrook Fair—but not for men like Ross to tread upon them. They had always the advantage of the weapon, and, what was still more unfair, risked very worthless lives against some that were valuable.

From Russia—of all places to hear of ready money!—comes one of those rumours of buried treasure, which, if it does not turn the "sluggard's blood to flame," has power at least to quicken his pulse. To become rich unexpectedly, and on a sudden, is always an excitement, but still more so when the wealth comes from some source a very long way off and unconnected with ourselves. A crock full of old gold coins, found in one's back garden, is welcome to everybody, whether they are numismatists or not; and even the stories of such discoveries have a charm for us all. In this particular case the treasure—which, by-the-by, is not found yet—is only three-quarters of a century old, but full of dramatic interest. It is a chest containing £34,000 in bullion, which, when its convoy in the Retreat from Moscow was pursued by the Russians, was buried, as certain documents declare, by the roadside near Grodno. A Frenchman, the grandson of the sole survivor—the whole detachment having been cut to pieces but himself—has found the narrative among the manuscript "tales of his grandfather," and laid it before the Russian Government, who have promised him a third of what he finds. I wish he may get it, and that, if he does, it may not be paid to him in rouble notes.

This is the sort of money that is described in the histories as "blood and treasure"; what a lot of it there must be underground, if one did but know where to look for it! Perhaps the richest and oldest lost treasure in the world, and also the one invested with the greatest interest, is the Urim and Thummim, the sparkling of whose jewels is supposed to have manifested the presence of the Highest—though Josephus tells us that this property became extinct (through the degeneracy of the age) two centuries before his time. Those jewels, as the late Mr. King, the great authority on precious stones, tells us, are absolutely indestructible, and must exist somewhere. No lapse of time can produce any visible effect upon them—indeed, the tablets bearing the title of Thotmes III., the contemporary of Moses, are still in existence, though they are of a far softer material; nor can they shine unrecognised among the State jewels of their captors, for their inscriptions must needs remain unchanged. We know that the breastplate described by Josephus was carried to Rome after the destruction of the Holy City by

Titus, and, after that, we lose sight of it. There are three stories of the subsequent fate of these jewels:—I. That they were sent off by Genseric to Carthage upon the sack of Rome; II. That the reason why the Franks, in the sixth century, pressed the siege of Narbonne was because this precious "loot" was reported to have been sent thither by Alaric; III. That they were returned by Justinian to the Holy City, where they fell into the hands of Chosroes, the Persian, in 615. When he sacked the city he no doubt "sacked" them, and Mr. King's conclusion is that they now lie buried in some unknown Persian treasure-chamber, to have a chance of emerging from oblivion at the hands of some modern explorer. I have no turn for exploration myself, but I should like some enterprising friend to find these jewels, and give them to me, as a token of esteem and regard, upon my birthday (or, indeed, any day), very much.

## THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, and the infant Prince and Princess of Battenberg, arrived at Osborne on July 18. Her Majesty crossed over from Gosport on board her Majesty's yacht *Alberta*, Captain Fullerton, A.D.C. Prince Henry of Battenberg met the Queen and Royal family at Osborne. Her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service on Sunday morning, July 22. The Rev. Arthur Peile, the Vicar of Holy Trinity, Ventnor, and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to her Majesty, officiated. The Empress Eugénie, attended by Madame D'Arcos, Madame Le Bréton, and M. Peitri, arrived at Osborne Cottage on July 23, and was met at Trinity Pier, East Cowes, by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, attended by the Hon. Ethel Cadogan and Colonel Clerk. The Queen and Princess Beatrice, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Athole, drove in the afternoon, and visited the Empress at Osborne Cottage. Sir Edward and Lady Ermytrude Malet had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Queen has driven out daily.

The Prince of Wales attended at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, on July 18, and was installed as Grand Prior of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England, recently incorporated under Royal Charter by the Queen. He was accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, who was received and admitted as a Knight Justice, and nominated sub-Prior of the Order. Prince Pedro of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha visited the Prince and Princess on July 19, and remained to luncheon. The Prince presided at a meeting of the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1881 at Marlborough House. Prince Albert Victor, attended by Major Miles, left Marlborough House for York. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by their three daughters, visited the Comte and Comtesse de Paris at Sheen House, East Sheen, on the 20th, and remained to luncheon. Mr. Van Der Weyde had the honour of taking a photographic portrait of the Princess of Wales at Marlborough House. On the 21st, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, visited the Volunteer camp at Wimbledon, and, after lunching with Lord and Lady Wantage, the Princess distributed the prizes to the successful competitors of the National Rifle Association. On Sunday, the 22nd, the Prince and Princess and the three Princesses were present at Divine service. Prince Christian, with Prince Christian Victor, visited the Prince and Princess on July 24, and remained to luncheon. The Prince visited the studio of Mr. H. Herkomer, A.R.A., in Ebury-street, and the Summer Exhibition of Pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery.—Prince Albert Victor on July 20 visited the thirty-second show of the Driffield and East Riding Agricultural Society at Driffield, and witnessed a parade of all the prize horses; and next day the Prince opened the new Jubilee Recreation-Grounds at Bury. The grounds are four in number, and have been completed and laid out at a cost exceeding £35,000. Prince Albert Victor arrived at Marlborough House on July 24 for the purpose of unveiling a statue of the Queen at Bristol next day.

Prince Christian presided on July 24 at the annual general meeting of the Corporation of the Royal College of Music held in the hall, Kensington-gore. The report showed the satisfactory progress of the college, and a satisfactory increase in its work and its income. Mr. Samson Fox, of Leeds, had offered £30,000 for a new collegiate building, and for this a free site in Prince's-gate had been granted by the Commissioners of 1851.

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne have honoured Mr. F. J. Williamson by a visit to his studio at Esher to inspect the statue of the Queen that he is executing, and which is to be placed in the Examination Hall of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Princess Mary Adelaide presented the prizes to the boys of the Royal Hospital School, Greenwich, on July 21. Her Royal Highness was accompanied by Princess Victoria and Prince Francis of Teck. On the 23rd the Princess presented the prizes to the successful competitors at the Royal Naval Female School, St. Margaret's House, Twickenham.

Dom Pedro Augustus of Brazil left Claridge's Hotel on July 23 for Paris. During his short stay the Prince was visited by the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal family.

The new Calliope Dock at Auckland, New Zealand, of which we gave an illustration early in this year, was designed by Mr. W. Errington, M.Inst.C.E., of Auckland, and was constructed from the plans which that engineer had prepared.

The romantic scenery of the coast of Norway, which has been described and illustrated with special effect, on more than one occasion, in this Journal, is made accessible in this season to English visitors, direct from London, by the managers of the steam-yacht *Victoria*, a fine vessel of 1800 tons register, with engines of 1500-horse power, having a speed of fourteen and a half knots an hour, sailing from Tilbury Dock, opposite to Gravesend. The *Victoria*, which is comfortably and elegantly fitted up for gentlemen and ladies as passengers, carries neither mails nor cargo, but performs, in each trip, a sixteen days' cruise, entering the Hardanger Fjord, the port of Bergen, the Sogne Fjord, the Geiranger Fjord, and the port of Molde, where she lies three days, allowing time for exploring the Romsdal Valley. Under command of Captain R. D. Lunham, she started from Gravesend on Saturday, July 21, and would be back on Aug. 6, after which, on Aug. 11, she would start again for a similar pleasure cruise to the Norwegian Fjords; and, having returned to the Thames, would receive passengers for a longer cruise to the Baltic. Sixty-nine passengers went by this vessel on July 21, some of whom would go on to the North Cape; among these is our Special Artist, Mr. Douglas Almond, who will furnish us with sketches likely to be interesting to our readers. The offices of the manager are at Carlton-chambers, Regent-street. It is proposed that the *Victoria* shall undertake a voyage round the world, sailing at the beginning of November.



## THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The Admiralty plan of operations for the competing trials and exercises of naval strategy and tactics between two opposed fleets, one representing an enemy occupying Irish ports, the other defending Great Britain, is an interesting scheme. The A Fleet, commanded by Rear-Admiral Baird, and consisting of thirteen armoured or ironclad ships, eleven cruisers, two torpedo gun-boats, and twelve torpedo-boats, represents the British defending fleet: it was formed in two divisions, of which the first, under Admiral Baird, took up its station in Milford Haven; while the second division, under Rear-Admiral Rowley, proceeded to Lamlash, Isle of Arran, opposite to the entrance of the Firth of Clyde. The B Fleet, commanded by Admiral Sir George Tryon, consists of nine ironclad ships, eight cruisers, two torpedo gun-boats, and twelve torpedo-boats; its first division went to Berehaven, Bantry Bay, on the west coast of Kerry; and the second division, under Rear-Admiral Fitzroy, to Lough Swilly, on the north coast of Donegal. It would be the aim of the B Fleet to do all the mischief it could to British commerce, to attack any ports of Great Britain that it could get at, and to secure opportunities for landing troops anywhere on the shores of England, Wales, or Scotland. The first division of the A Fleet, composed of H.M.S. Northumberland, Hotspur, Benbow, Northampton, Collingwood, Monarch, Conqueror, Rover, and Arcturion, with the cruisers and torpedo-boats, anchored in Milford Haven on Wednesday, July 18; and the second division, of which H.M.S. Agincourt was the flag-ship, arrived next day at the Isle of Arran. The Agincourt, near Falmouth, came into collision with a steamer from Newport, and lost some of her boats and an anchor from one side. The first division of Sir George Tryon's fleet, the B Fleet, consisting of H.M.S. Hercules (flag-ship), Iris, Warspite, Rupert, Cyclops, Alacrity, and Hero, with torpedo-boats, had proceeded, meanwhile, from Portland to the west coast of Ireland. Our Special Artist contributes a Sketch of the flag-ship of this division passing the Longships lighthouse, at the mouth of the British Channel; and one of the scene on board in clearing for action. The two divisions of the A Fleet on Tuesday, July 24, were going round, south and north, to blockade the B Fleet on the Irish coast.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

President Carnot has returned to Paris from his visit to the Southern Provinces, where he was received with enthusiasm.—At the election in the Ardèche and the Dordogne General Boulanger was left in a hopeless minority.—The Queen of Servia arrived in Paris on July 18.

King Humbert has had a sudden attack of giddiness and felt otherwise unwell, and it was in consequence of this that his Majesty hastened his departure from Rome.—After an animated debate occupying several sittings, the Italian Chamber of Deputies, by 269 votes to 97, passed the Communal and Provincial Reform Bill, which gives to two million citizens the right to vote in administrative elections, besides introducing other important liberal reforms in local government. The Chamber has been prorogued until November.

A charming fête was held on the Lake of Gmünden on July 22. A regatta, a battle of flowers, and a competition of decorated boats, in which Vienna society took an active part, attracted many spectators. There were several Archdukes in the boats. The Queen of Hanover, Princess Mary, the Dukes of Württemberg and Montpensier were in the stands.

The meeting of the Emperors of Germany and Russia is recorded in another column.

The King of the Hellenes left Corinth at daybreak on July 23, in the Royal yacht, on his way to St. Petersburg. King George proposes to visit Berlin and Copenhagen also.

A force of 400 Dervishes attacked a village five miles north of Wady Halfa on July 20. Colonel Wodehouse took out a detachment of troops and police, and, after some severe fighting, drove the enemy to the hills. Three boats, crowded with fugitives who escaped down the Nile, sank, and 150 persons were drowned.

The United States Senate has confirmed the President's nomination of Mr. Fuller as Chief Justice. The Copyright Bill has passed the Senate, and is now before the Lower House. The House of Representatives has passed Mr. Mills's Tariff Bill, which makes large reductions in the duties on woollen goods, chemicals, &c., and admits tin-plate, wool, and other articles to be used in manufactures, free.—The new American naval cruiser Charleston was launched at San Francisco on July 19. She was planned by Messrs. Armstrong, and is a duplicate of their Japanese cruiser Nanaya, of 3750 tons displacement, and carries eight heavy guns. This is the first naval ship built on the Pacific coast.—A disastrous storm has swept over a portion of the American continent. After a heavy rainstorm at Wheeling, West Virginia, a freshet appeared, and overwhelmed a bridge over the Wheeling River on which several persons were standing. Ten were drowned, the others being rescued. Four dwellings were also destroyed, eleven of the inmates being drowned.—The coal-mining town of Roslyn, Washington Territory, has been destroyed by fire, and fifteen hundred persons have been rendered homeless.

A large portion of Port-au-Prince, Hayti, has been destroyed by incendiary fires. While the Chamber of Deputies was in session an upper floor of the building was set on fire.

The Natal Legislative Council was opened by Sir Arthur Havelock on July 18. His Excellency declared that the financial prosperity of the colony had been maintained, and that the result of the Sugar Conference would largely contribute to the development of the country's resources. Alluding to affairs in Zululand, Sir Arthur expressed his great concern and anxiety at what he termed the lamentable outbreak.—It is stated that a party of Boers has invaded the territory of a native chief.

A Reuter's telegram from Bombay says that Mr. Crawford has been released on bail to the amount of 70,000 rupees.—An expeditionary force, 10,000 strong, is to be sent in the autumn to the Black Mountain, where an exploring party was recently attacked, and two British officers were killed.

A volcanic eruption has occurred in Japan, and 400 persons are reported to have been killed and 1000 injured.

Lord Carrington, the Governor of New South Wales, has, in the name of the Queen, given the Royal assent to the new Chinese Act. The Legislative Assembly agreed to the Council's amendments relating to Chinese residence, registration, licenses, and mining. The measure as now settled provides that the Government is indemnified for its past actions. The naturalisation of Chinese will in future not be allowed, and all Chinese leaving the colony, except those naturalised therein, will, on returning, be subject to the provisions of the Act.

The Hon. Duncan Gillies, Premier and Treasurer of Victoria, made his Budget statement in the Legislative Assembly on July 24. He congratulated the colony on the remarkably prosperous state of its finances, and stated that the revenue largely exceeded the Estimates, the surplus amounting to £337,000.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

"And this our life, exempt from public haunts," might almost be the general exclamation of noble Lords, so smoothly does the stream of business flow in the hushed and decorous Upper Chamber save when the sonorous voice of the Duke of Argyll is raised to vindicate the Government's maintenance of law and order in Ireland. There was a little ripple of excitement when, on the Twentieth of July, Earl Beauchamp moved that the clerk should take down the names of their Lordships who unanimously assented on the Twelfth to his Grace's resolution of confidence in her Majesty's Ministers on the above point. In a light and airy spirit of banter, Earl Granville and Lord Rosebery made it clear that they did not take the Duke's lugubrious sermons seriously. But the Marquis of Salisbury, with much adroitness, attributed the silence of the noble Earls on the occasion of the Duke of Argyll's set oration to agreement with the administration of affairs in Ireland.

Lord Cross, on the Twenty-third of July, rose from his place in the House of Lords to correct a strange mis-statement by Sir William Harcourt. The Secretary for India neatly explained that it was not he who gave notice in the Lower House of a motion for the release of Mr. Parnell and his fellow-prisoners from Kilmainham, but the late Mr. J. Kynaston Cross, then Liberal member for Bolton. Sir William Harcourt was indisputably caught napping by Lord Cross, whose correction afforded obvious satisfaction to Ministerialists.

Lord Randolph Churchill, who rejoices in Parliamentary pyrotechny, may be said to have departed for his castle-building holiday in Spain amid a shower of fireworks. In the old days, yet not so very long ago, when the noble Lord was the dashing leader of the privateering "Fourth Party," no member spoke more boldly or more frequently than he did. He was essentially a law unto himself. Other times, other manners. His Lordship has borne the burdens of high office since then. He has learnt the wisdom of reticence. In fine, limp and glum in his corner seat behind Ministers, he had almost come to be regarded as a "Silent Member" when he suddenly dispelled the notion by rising on the Twentieth of July to reassume for the nonce the leadership of the Commons, and in severe and portentous language took Mr. Conybeare to task for a malevolent attack on the Speaker for applying the closure the previous night to the brief discussion on the Bann Drainage Bill. This reprehensible reflection on our estimable Speaker's decision appeared in a letter to the *Star* newspaper. Characterising the epistle as "a gross libel on the Speaker," Lord Randolph Churchill moved that Mr. Conybeare "be suspended from the service of the House for the remainder of the Session." After a protracted discussion, in which Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Labouchere, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Chamberlain took part, it was resolved, on the motion of the First Lord of the Treasury, that Mr. Conybeare be relieved from attendance in the House for the rest of the Session, "or for one calendar month, whichever shall first terminate." Lord Randolph Churchill, having secured the pyrotechnic object desired, and vindicated the authority of the Speaker, lost no time in setting out on his travels in Spain—thus, in a spirit of justice, freely inflicting upon himself the same punishment Mr. Conybeare is suffering from. Such magnanimity is rare.

The judicial calm necessary for the unprejudiced consideration of the heinous charges brought against Mr. Parnell during the hearing of Mr. F. H. O'Donnell's libel action against Mr. Walter has, generally speaking, been conspicuous by its absence from the debates on the Ministerial measure for a Commission of Inquiry. Mr. W. H. Smith, for one, preserved his equanimity in moving the second reading of the Bill, on the Twenty-third of July. Concisely put, the Leader of the House offered a Royal Commission empowered to searchingly investigate all the allegations in that which the Lord Chief Justice declared to be a "tremendous indictment" against hon. members and those who were associated with them; the Judges composing the Commission to be "Sir James Hannen, as President of the Court, and Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Justice Smith as the two other members of that Court." Very pale, and with an excitement not at all habitual with him, not surprising under the grave circumstances of the case, Mr. Parnell, in a long speech, repudiated the charges brought against him in the forensic address of the Attorney-General, again stigmatised the incriminating letters alleged to have been written by him as forgeries, claimed to be represented by counsel before the Commission, but energetically objected to the extension of the inquiry to the doings of the Land League and of the "other persons" alluded to, and declared it to be unfair to ask him and his colleagues to accept such a measure in response to the claim for no more than ordinary justice in the shape of an investigation into the infamous charges against themselves. In the engrossing discussion that ensued, Mr. Gladstone, Sir Charles Russell, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Whitbread, and Sir William Harcourt sided with Mr. Parnell on this point, that the inquiry should be thus limited; and Mr. Chamberlain (who, I regret to say, still looks very wan and ill in face), while approving the Bill, also coincided rather with this view in his clear and discriminatory speech as one who, when he first entered the House, "formed a judgment of the hon. member for Cork, of his character, of his motives, of his honesty, of his sincerity, of his patriotism, which do not allow me very easily to accept the charges that are made against him." The Home Secretary, on the other hand, earnestly strove to show that the inquiry, to be thorough, must necessarily embrace the collateral matters in question. Sir Edward Clarke, the Solicitor-General, in the most pregnant passage of his speech, read from the "Parnellism and Crime" articles in the *Times* the names of those accused of being implicated:—"They have, however, revealed nearly all the chief members of the first Home Rule Ministry—Mr. Parnell himself, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, Mr. Healy, Mr. Biggar, the Messrs. Redmond, Mr. William O'Brien, and Davitt—in trade and traffic with avowed dynamiters and known contrivers of murder." But against this heavy accusation should be set the explicit assurance of Sir William Harcourt on the Twenty-fourth of July:—

I believe there are no two persons who have better means of knowledge than Lord Spencer and myself of the transactions of that period, and during all the anxious investigations of that terrible period we never discovered any evidence which connected the hon. member for Cork, or the other Irish representatives, with complicity or perpetration of crime.

In the end, Mr. Labouchere's amendment, aimed against the Bill as a whole, was withdrawn, at the request of Mr. Parnell; and the measure was read a second time without division, it being left for the Committee-stage to decide whether the inquiry should be curtailed as desired. All this debate, however, seems to make an autumn session inevitable.

Mr. W. J. Ingram, who formerly represented Boston, has accepted an invitation to contest the seat in the Liberal interest at the next vacancy.

The Mercers' Company have contributed £105, and the Goldsmiths' Company £25, towards the cost of the Exeter Hall gymnasium of the Young Men's Christian Association.

## THE EMPERORS AT PETERHOF.

The meeting of the German Emperor, William II., with the Emperor Alexander III. of Russia, took place at Peterhof, a palace of the Russian Emperor on the southern shore of the Gulf of Finland, nearly opposite to the island-fortress of Cronstadt, and some twenty miles from St. Petersburg by the railway around the sea-coast. Peterhof and Oranienbaum, which is situated five miles beyond it westward, are pleasant abodes, with very beautiful gardens, amidst green pastures and groves of fir-trees and birch-trees. The park of Peterhof is finely wooded, and parts of the grounds are laid out in the style of Versailles; there is a pretty cottage named Marly, on the bank of a lake, in which is preserved the old furniture used by Peter the Great. Marble temples, fountains, and statues adorn the gardens, with stately terraces, avenues of trees, and waterworks; and there are two small palaces on little islands. The grand palace contains splendid apartments, with pictures representing the historical scenes of Russian glory, and portraits of Emperors and Empresses.

The German Emperor, with his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, came on Thursday, July 19, his yacht, the Hohenzollern, anchoring in Cronstadt Roads with a squadron of ten ships of the German navy. The Russian Imperial yacht, the Alexandra, with his Majesty the Emperor Alexander on board, went out to meet this arrival; and the Russian fleet of twenty-five ships, besides torpedo-boats, under command of the Grand Duke Alexis, High Admiral, fired a grand salute, to which the German ships replied. The Emperor William, going on board the Alexandra, exchanged kisses and embraces with the Czar. On landing at the Peterhof pier he was met by the Empress of Russia and the Grand Dukes and Duchesses. There was a splendid guard of Kuban Cossacks along the alleys through which the carriages passed from the pier to the palace. On Friday, the 20th, the German Emperor was conveyed in the Alexandra by the new Ship Canal and the Neva to St. Petersburg, where he visited the tomb of Alexander II. and of the late Empress, in the Cathedral of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. On Saturday, both Emperors, with the Empress of Russia, went to inspect the great military camp of Krasnoe Selo, and witnessed a review of nearly 50,000 troops under the command of the Grand Duke Vladimir. The Emperor William then went to St. Petersburg, to a grand dinner at the German Embassy. On Sunday, after attending the Protestant worship at the small German Church at Peterhof, his Majesty entertained the Czar and Czarina with luncheon in the balcony overlooking the palace gardens. In the evening, the Emperor Alexander gave a magnificent banquet to his Imperial and Royal visitor, and to the whole Court, in the "hall of Peter the Great." The park and gardens of Peterhof, and the Marly fountains, were beautifully illuminated. On Monday, July 23, the Emperor William saw the Russian cavalry manoeuvres, performed under the direction of the Grand Duke Nicholas. His Majesty next day took his leave, re-embarked in the Hohenzollern, and proceeded to visit Copenhagen and Stockholm. It is believed that no very important political conference took place between the two Emperors, whose Ministers of State were not in attendance.

The Home for Crippled Boys, Kensington, has received £100 from the Grocers' Company.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Benson gave their second and last garden-party at Lambeth Palace on July 21, when they were "at home" from five to seven o'clock.

Sir Edward Guinness has forwarded to the chairman of the South London Polytechnic Institute a cheque for £1000 towards the fund now being raised.

It is stated that Lord Grimthorpe intends to give £10,000 towards providing a Suffragan Bishop for the Archdiocese of York, of which he is the Chancellor.

The Speaker of the House of Commons presided at the distribution of Trinity College music certificates by Mrs. Peel, at the Public Hall, Leamington, on July 21, and gave an address on the music of the future.

On and after Aug. 1 private letter boxes for use during the night may be rented at all post-offices at which a night staff is on duty, and at which there is a delivery of letters to callers during the day.

At Wimbledon, on July 23, the All-England Lawn-Tennis Championship meeting was concluded by a match for the four-handed championship, in which the brothers Renshaw beat the Hon. P. B. Lyon and Mr. H. W. Wilberforce, the winners of last year.

At an influential meeting held in the Mayor's room at the Leeds Townhall on July 20 it was unanimously resolved to invite the British Association to hold its meeting for the year 1890 at Leeds. It was also decided to raise a guarantee fund of £5000 to defray the usual expenses.

The Australian cricketers were defeated at Brighton on July 21, Sussex being victorious by 58 runs; and at the Oval, Surrey won the match with Middlesex by three wickets. On July 24 at Beckenham the second innings of Kent closed for 53, leaving Surrey victorious by 89 runs.

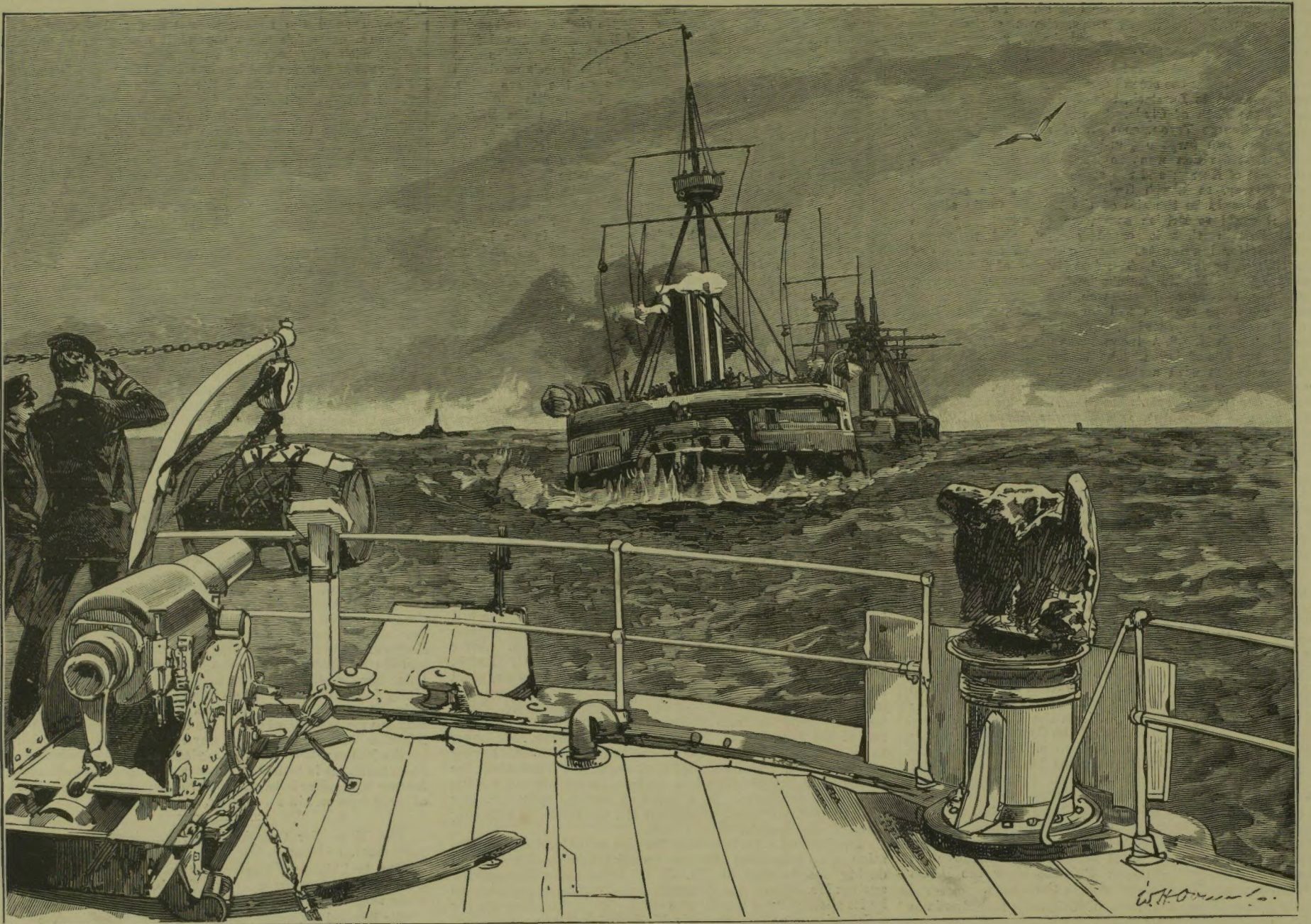
Visitors to the Brussels Exhibition, or tourists in Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, or up the Rhine and Moselle, will find a useful and chatty illustrated handbook in the Great Eastern Railway Company's "Tourist Guide to the Continent." A new edition, edited by Mr. Percy Lindley, has just been published, price sixpence, at 125, Fleet-street, E.C.

Mr. Edgar Bruce and Miss Edith Woodworth gave a matinée at the Globe Theatre, on July 26, in aid of the "Buttercups and Daisies" Fund, which was started to give, once a year, a day's holiday in the country to a number of the poorest children of London, and to send away for a week or two some of the more sickly ones to the seaside. Several well-known artists gave their assistance.

A handsome specimen of horological art is now on view at Mr. Benson's, 62 and 64, Ludgate-hill, having been made to the special order of one of the Indian Princes. It is a clock of the Oriental type, showing the days of the week, months, &c., with an alarm which can be used when required. It chimes the Westminster quarters on four pure-toned gongs, and strikes the hours on a powerful tenor gong. The whole is finished in a case of the Renaissance style of solid metal, the pillars and greater portion being of solid nickel silver, the remainder of the finest brass, richly engraved and gilt.

The committee of the South London Association for Assisting the Blind are anxious to give to their poor blind members and guides their annual summer outing. For some years past the committee have taken them to the seaside, and the return of the excursion is looked for with the keenest enjoyment. There are upwards of 300 persons to provide for; all of these are more or less in great poverty, and most of them live in pent-up places, so that a day's outing in the fresh air, is especially grateful to them. Contributions will be received by the treasurer, Mr. C. D. Millett, London and Westminster Bank, Westminster Bridge-road; or by Mr. J. T. Edmonds, hon. sec. and solicitor to the association, 155, Brixton-road, S.W.



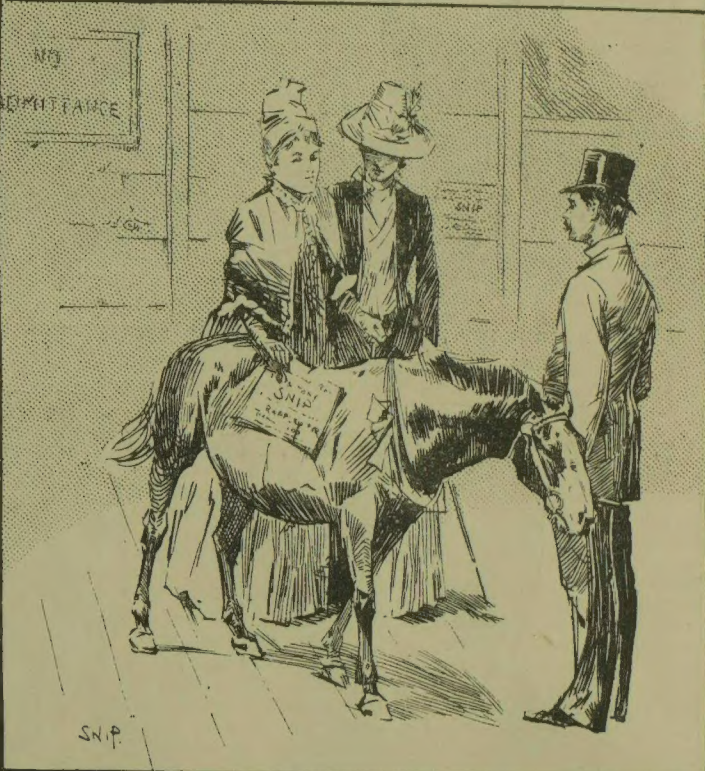
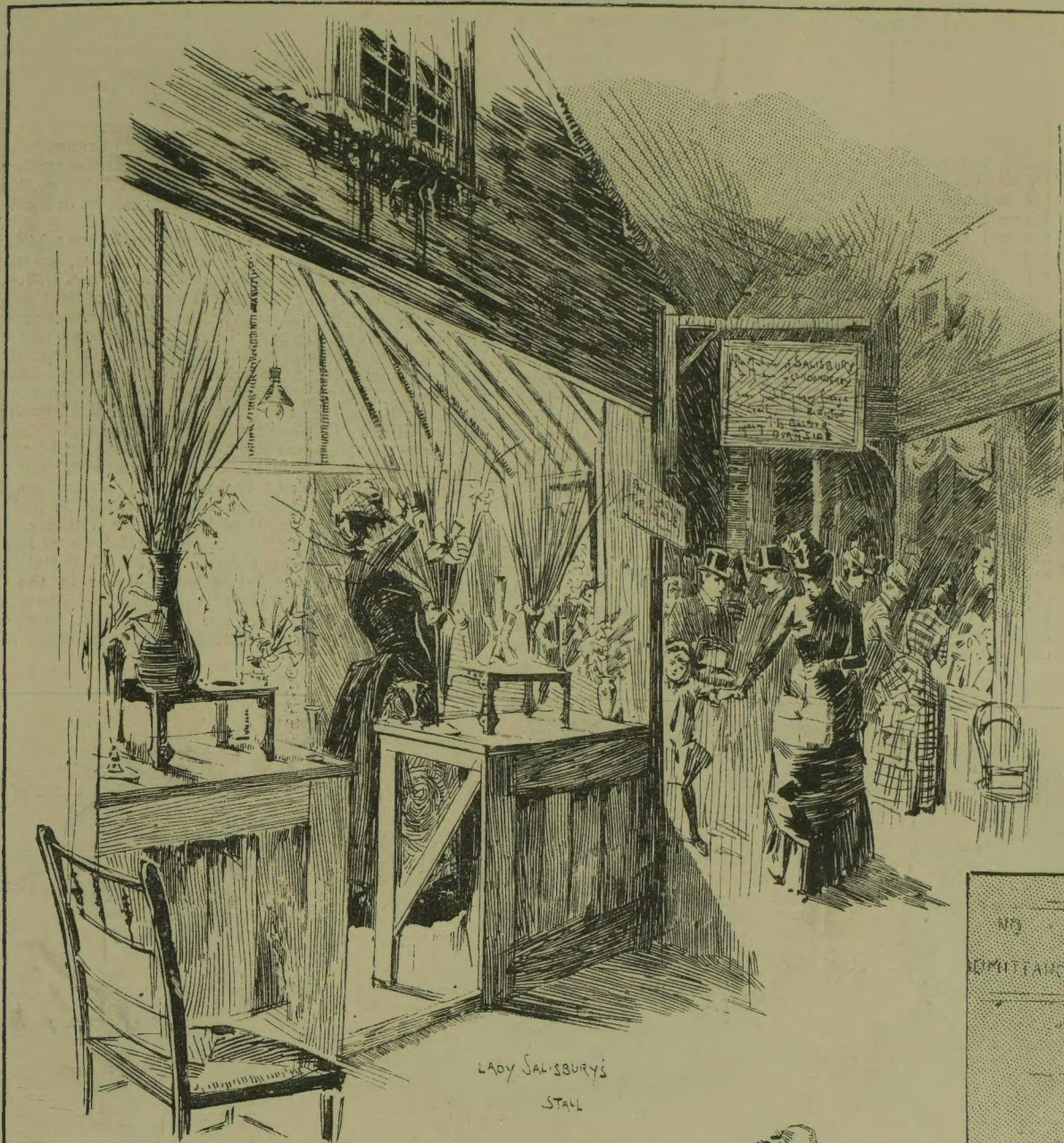


THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: THE FIRST DIVISION ROUNDING THE LONGSHIPS.  
A SKETCH FROM THE FLAG-SHIP BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.



PETERHOF, IN THE GULF OF FINLAND, WHERE THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA MET THE GERMAN EMPEROR WILLIAM II.







## THE ARMADA TERCENTENARY COMMEMORATION.

The proceedings at Plymouth, on Thursday, July 19, in celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the Spanish Armada coming in sight of the English shores, were conducted in a manner worthy of the occasion.



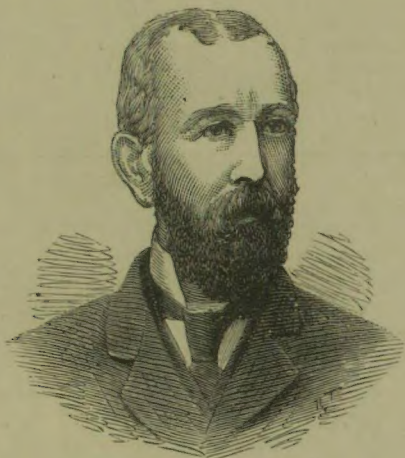
THE MAYOR OF PLYMOUTH,  
Alderman H. J. Waring.

They were not of a merely local character, though Plymouth, as the port where the English fleet, under Lord Howard of Effingham, lay ready to engage the enemy, and off which, at no great distance, the first conflict took place on July 21, was properly chosen for the place of this commemoration. The National Memorial, of which, as designed by Mr. Herbert Gribble, architect, we gave an illustration last week, is to be erected on Plymouth Hoe, where the statue of Sir Francis Drake, Vice-Admiral and next in command to Lord Howard of Effingham, was erected five years ago. The foundation-stone of this memorial, to consist of a granite

obelisk with bronze figures and sculptured tablets, was laid by the Mayor of Plymouth, with a brief ceremony, witnessed by a large assembly of people. The Honourable Artillery Company of London Volunteers, whose predecessors bore their part three hundred years ago in the military preparations to defend the country against the landing of a Spanish army, sent two hundred men. They were arrayed in position with the troops and sailors, who formed a square round the site of the Armada Memorial. Major-General Lyons, C.B., commanding the Western District, arrived with his staff, and was received with a general salute. Provincial Mayors, and members of the Plymouth Corporation, had been received by the Mayor in the Council Chamber, and went together in procession to the Hoe. On their arrival, the massed bands played "Rule, Britannia," and the ceremony commenced. The Ven. Archdeacon Wilkinson read an impressive prayer. The Mayor was presented by Mr. Gribble, the designer of the monument, with a silver trowel, and was asked to lay the foundation-stone. It bore the following inscription:—"This foundation-stone of a national memorial was laid, in the presence of naval, military, and civic representatives, by the Right Worshipful the Mayor of this borough (Alderman H. J. Waring), on Thursday, July 19, 1888, being the three-hundredth anniversary of the first sighting of the Spanish Armada from Plymouth Hoe. Patroness, her Majesty the Queen." The Mayor having declared the stone well and truly laid, the Royal ensign was hoisted, the naval battery and guns in the citadel fired a Royal salute, and the bands played the National Anthem. The ceremony over, the procession returned to the municipal buildings, accompanied by the Honourable Artillery Company as a guard of honour. The memorial will overlook the Sound, the site being to the left of the Drake statue, and near the spot where Drake is said to have played his game of bowls, with other captains, when the news came of the approach of the Armada.

The day's later proceedings included a military concert in the citadel, and a game of bowls between the Leeds and Torrington bowling clubs. The two teams played in Elizabethan costumes, on what is supposed to be the exact spot where the game took place on July 19, 1588. Several thousand persons witnessed the match. In the afternoon an historical procession of the Kings and Queens of England, with descriptive tableaux depicting striking events in the history of our country, perambulated the town. In the evening, a civic banquet was given by the Mayor in the Guildhall, the company exceeding three hundred, and including many of the Hon. Artillery Company, in addition to the naval and military officers in the Western District.

Besides our illustrations of these proceedings, which passed off very well, being favoured by fine weather, portraits are here given of the Mayor of Plymouth, Alderman H. J. Waring, who has presided over the general committee for the Armada commemoration, as well as over the local arrangements; Mr. W. H. K. Wright, Borough Librarian, honorary secretary at Plymouth, and editor of the *Western Antiquary*, in which many valuable documents and historical essays have been published; the chairman of the executive committee in London, who is Professor J. K. Laughton, M.A., Professor of Modern History in King's College, London, and formerly an instructor in the Royal Navy, and on the staff of the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth and at Greenwich; and several other active members of the managing committees, besides one of the London honorary secretaries, Mr. P. H. Pridham Wippell, the other being Captain Woolmer Williams. Among these gentlemen are Sir Duncan Campbell, Bart., of Barcalidine and Glenure, Argyllshire, Captain in the 4th Battalion Highland Light Infantry and Gentleman Usher in the Queen's Household, who is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland; Captain Sir Lambton Loraine, R.N., Bart., of Kirk Harle, Northumberland, a distinguished naval officer, who has



MAJOR MARTIN FROBISHER.



SIR LAMBTON LORAINE, BART., CAPTAIN R.N.



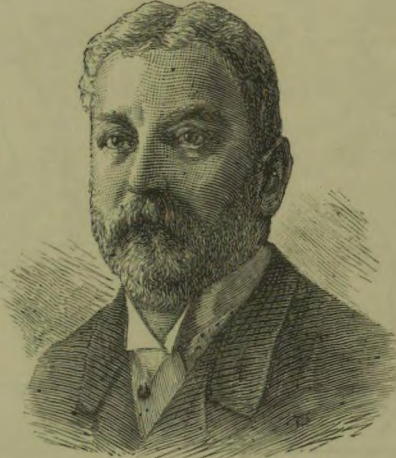
DEPUTY-INSPECTOR-GEN. R. MCCORMICK, R.N.,  
Veteran Arctic Explorer.



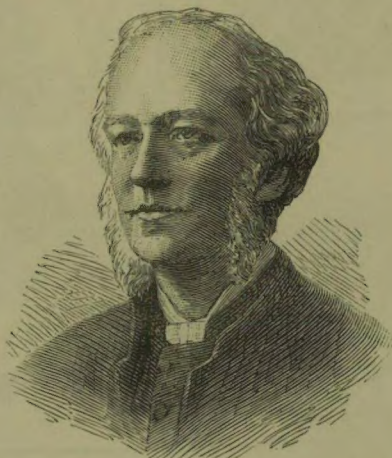
SIR DUNCAN CAMPBELL, BART.



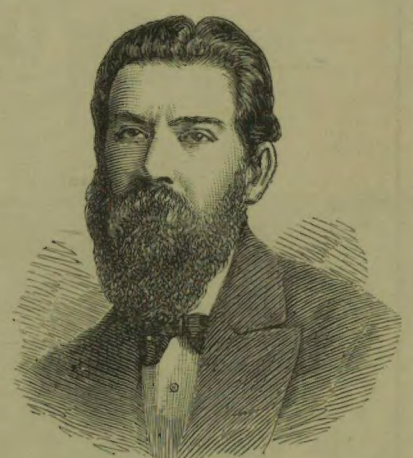
MR. P. H. PRIDHAM WIPPELL,  
Hon. Secretary, London.



PROFESSOR J. K. LAUGHTON, M.A. R.N.,  
Chairman of the Executive Committee, London.



REV. CANON BOGER.



MR. W. H. K. WRIGHT, BOROUGH LIBRARIAN,  
Hon. Sec. to the Plymouth Committee.

### MANAGERS OF THE TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION OF THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

performed active services in the West Indies and on the "Spanish Main," the coast of Central America; the Rev. Canon Boger, of Rochester Cathedral, one of an old Cornish family living near Plymouth at the time of the Armada: he was head-master of Queen Elizabeth's School, Southwark, nearly thirty years; Deputy-Inspector-General R. McCormick, R.N., the oldest surviving medical officer in the Navy, who accompanied the Arctic exploring expedition of Parry, in 1827, and similar expeditions of later date, and has also served in the West Indies; and Major Martin Frobisher, now residing at Woolwich, the namesake and only living descendant of one of the most illustrious Armada heroes, Sir Martin Frobisher, a Yorkshireman, who was an early Arctic explorer in the reign of Elizabeth, seeking to discover the North-west Passage, and gave his name to Frobisher Bay in that region. Major Frobisher was born in 1839, and served in India, but retired from the Army in 1870 on account of ill-health, and is well known at Woolwich; he is secretary to the Waldensian Church Mission. Dr. Henry Holman Drake, M.A., of London, is descended from Captain John Drake, who was cousin to Sir Francis Drake, and his companion in his voyage round the world; Dr. H. H. Drake is a learned antiquary, and editor of the "History of the Hundred of Blackheath," a work of importance to the county of Kent.

The Prince of Wales has given 50 guineas towards the new Roman Catholic church at Lynn, for which an urgent appeal has been made.

A friend, who wishes to remain anonymous, has handed to the Founder of the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen a cheque for three thousand five hundred pounds, to cover the cost of building and equipping another Hospital Mission Ship, on the lines of the Queen Victoria, now rapidly approaching completion at the yard of Messrs. Fellows and Son, Great Yarmouth. The Queen, who is patron of the Mission, has expressed her consent to the donor's request that the second Hospital Ship shall be named the Albert.

### FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of the Hon. FitzRoy Keith Stewart, youngest son of the ninth Earl of Galloway and brother of the present Earl, with Elizabeth Louisa, widow of Mr. J. Stanley Thompson, was celebrated in St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on July 17. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. George W. E. Russell as best man, and the bride was accompanied by her brother, the Rev. Arthur Rogers, Rector of Yarlinton, Somersetshire, who gave her away. The wedding-party was numerous.

A fashionable congregation assembled on July 18 at St. George's, Hanover-square, to witness the marriage of Mr. Charles Vansittart to Miss Constance Miller, younger daughter of the late Sir Thomas Miller, of Glenlee, and Lady Miller. The service was fully choral. The bride was given away by her brother, Sir William Miller. She wore a costume of rich white duchesse satin, the front being tastefully draped with fine mousseline-de-soie, and trimmed with sprays of orange-blossom. Her long train was borne by two little pages dressed in pretty costumes of blue plush, with white satin facings. There were six bridesmaids, attired in gowns of pale-blue China silk, trimmed with gold embroidery, and white silk waistcoats, white hats, and tan shoes and gloves. Each carried a bouquet of roses, and wore a diamond initial brooch, the gift of the bridegroom. Captain Victor Fergusson, of the Royal Horse Guards, was the bridegroom's best man.

The marriage of Mr. L. Willoughby, son of the late Hon. and Rev. Charles Willoughby, to Miss Ada Cousens was solemnised on July 18 at St. Matthew's Church, St. Petersburg-place, by the Hon. and Rev. T. Willoughby, uncle of the bridegroom, assisted by the Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng and the Hon. and Rev. G. B. Legge. The church was filled by an aristocratic gathering. The bride was conducted to the altar by her father. She wore a costume of ivory-white satin trimmed with Brussels lace; her ornaments were diamonds and rubies. There were eight bridesmaids, who were attired in pretty dresses of cream Indian muslin and Valenciennes lace, with large green moiré sashes, and Leghorn hats trimmed

with Marshal Niel roses. Captain Graham Pearce was the best man.

The marriage of the Hon. Philip B. Petre, third son of the late Lord Petre and Lady Petre, with Julia, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish Taylor, of Elvaston-place, Queen's gate, took place on July 19, at the Oratory, Brompton. The Hon. Bernard H. Petre was his brother's best man; and the four bridesmaids were Miss Beatrix and Miss Anita Cavendish Taylor, sisters of the bride; Miss Ethel Cavendish, her cousin; and Miss Stapleton Bretherton, niece of the bridegroom. The bride was given away by her father. Monsignor Weld performed the marriage rite, and was celebrant at the nuptial mass which followed.

In St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on July 23, took place the wedding of Mr. F. G. Hodgson Roberts, only son of the late Mr. H. and Mrs. Armstrong Roberts, of 11, Kensington-gore, with Miss Violet Cunliffe, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Brooke Cunliffe, of High Legh Hall, Knutsford, Cheshire, and 18, Ennismore-gardens, Kensington, S.W. The service was fully choral. The bride was given away by her father. The bridesmaids were Misses Veronica, Vanda, and Verbena Cunliffe, sisters of the bride, and Miss Lue Hodgson Roberts sister of the bridegroom. Mr. Greenall acted as groomsmen.

The marriage of Mr. Charles Adeane, of Babraham, Cambridgeshire, with Madeline Pamela, second daughter of the Hon. Percy and Mrs. Wyndham, was solemnised in St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on July 23, in the presence of a large gathering of relatives and friends. Mr. Riversdale Walrond was the bridegroom's best man; and in the bridal procession eleven bridesmaids assisted—namely, Miss Pamela Wyndham, sister of the bride; the Hon. Marie Adeane and Miss Maude Adeane, sisters of the bridegroom; Miss Pamela Campbell, Miss Dorothy Carleton, Miss Mure, the Hon. Mary Wyndham, and Lady Edith Douglas, cousins of the bride; Lady Constance Grosvenor, Lady Eleanor Lambton, and Miss Poore; and there were two pages—the Hon. Hugo and the Hon. Guy Charteris, Lady Elcho's children, and nephews of the bride.



## RELICS OF THE ARMADA AND DRAKE.

Upon the occasion of the Tercentenary Festival of the Defeat

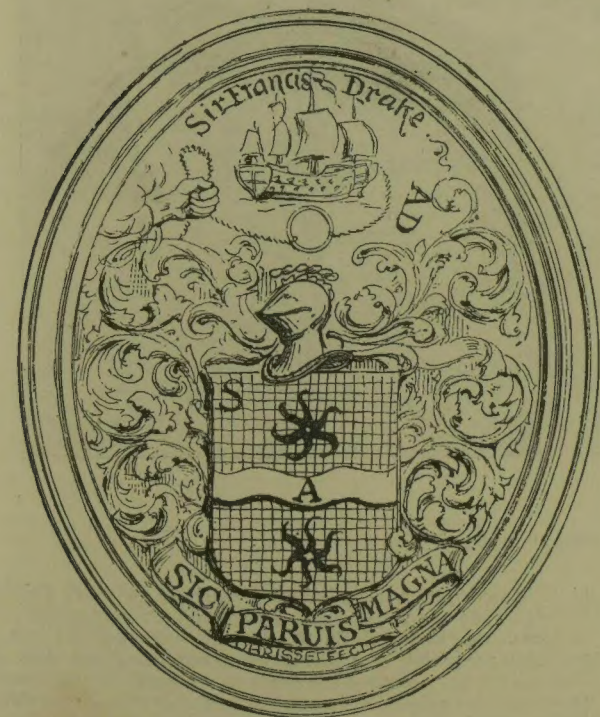


DAGGER BELONGING TO SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

this occasion under the supervision of Dr. H. H. Drake, the lineal descendant of Captain John Drake, brother and companion of the illustrious navigator and warrior, has been placed on sale at this Exhibition. The original painting is not known to be extant; but it is considered to be rather older than the one painted by the French artist, Jean Rabel, which was engraved in Paris by Thomas Le Len, who dedicated the engraving to Sir Edward Stafford, then English Ambassador at the Court of Henry III. of France. That King was assassinated a twelve-month after the date of the Spanish Armada; and Le Len's engraving, with its inscription referring to his reign, was apparently published some time before that event. There is reason to believe that the artist Rabel borrowed the likeness of Drake's face, altering the costume and accessories, from the picture represented in the engraving now reproduced and offered for sale at the Plymouth Exhibition. Its Latin inscription speaks of Drake, not as conqueror of the Spanish fleet, but as the circumnavigator, "qui, toto terrarum orbe, duorum annorum et mensium decem spatio, Zephyris faventibus, circumducto, Angliam, sedes proprias, revisit," adding the dates of his sailing in 1577, and of his return home at the end of 1580. No painter's name appears in the engraving, but the picture must have been the work of a skilful and tasteful artist. Drake wears a handsome, not too sumptuous, costume, with a very moderate neck-ruff; he stands bare-headed, with his right hand quietly resting on a casque and corslet of steel armour, and in his left hand a truncheon held against the broadsword that hangs from his belt. A globe, showing the seas and lands of the eastern hemisphere, is suspended in an open window, through which is the view beyond of a seaport town with islands in the harbour, and huge bags of money on the beach. With regard to the Drake family, it is well

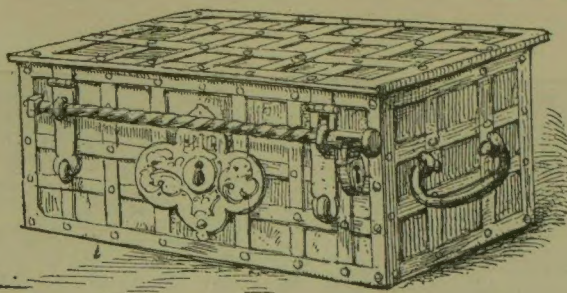


SPOON FROM THE ARMADA, FOUND ON IRISH COAST.



DRAKE'S SNUFF-BOX.

known that Sir Francis, who died in 1596, had no children by his wife Elizabeth, who afterwards married William Courtenay, of Powderham Castle, one of the family of the Earl of Devon. Sir Francis was succeeded in his estates by his brother Thomas, of Buckland Monachorum, whose son Francis was created a baronet; this baronetcy expired in 1789; but the Drake lineage has passed, in the female line, as well as that of



SPANISH TREASURE CHEST, TAKEN FROM THE ARMADA BY DRAKE.

Admiral Elliott, Lord Heathfield, who defended Gibraltar, to the Trayton Fullers, of Sussex, who, therefore, also took the names of Elliott and Drake, and whose representative, Sir Francis Fuller Elliott Drake, Bart., resides at Nutwell Court, near Exeter.

## THE IRISH EXHIBITION.

In the vast covered space of the building called "Olympia," close to the Addison-road or West Kensington Railway Station, where the Paris Hippodrome found a sufficient arena for its performances, and in seven acres of adjacent open pleasure-grounds, the managers of this Exhibition have set forth a great and varied display, not less instructive and useful than attractive to the eye and mind, of Irish arts and industries, and the interesting antiquities of Ireland. It comprises the processes and sample products of agriculture, textile and other manufactures, shipbuilding and sea industries, machinery and engineering, mining and mineral products, brewing and distilling, paper, printing and book-binding, scientific, chemical, and allied industries; education and science, furniture and decoration, women's industries and cottage industries, fine arts, historical and antiquarian relics or memorials. Unionists and Home-Rulers most heartily agree in wishing well to all these Irish interests; and eminent members of the opposite political parties—Englishmen and Irishmen, Protestant and Catholic clergy, with Peers who have been Lords Lieutenant of Ireland and their Ladies who have presided over Viceregal Drawingrooms in Dublin Castle, are associated in the lists of patrons and committees for the Exhibition. The most active of its working managers has been Lord Arthur Hill, M.P., the honorary secretary, to whom Mr. John H. Raffety has rendered valuable assistance. The Irish benevolent committees, presided over by the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and Mr. Ernest and Mrs. Hart, have especially laboured for the encouragement of cottage industries. The Women's Art and Industries Section, from which very beneficial results are to be hoped, got up a fashionable Fancy Fair, from Tuesday, July 17, to Friday, July 20, inclusive of the four days, in the "Old Irish Market-place"; and we give a few sketches of this scene and its characteristic incidents, which were pleasant and amusing. Among the ladies who officiated at the thirteen bazaar stalls were the Marchioness of Salisbury, Mrs. Gladstone, the Countess of Aberdeen, Countess Spencer, the Duchess of Manchester, the Marchioness of Downshire, the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Countess of Bective, and many others of rank and note. The articles sold were Irish work, lace, embroidery, ornamental needlework, fancy wares, bags, cushions, baskets, fans, glass, china, cutlery, stationery, photographs, drawings, books, papers, and music, flowers, fruit, perfumery, confectionery, pet birds, kittens, dogs, and other domestic animals. The sales realised a handsome sum of money, to pay the cost of erecting the "Old Irish Market."

## SWORD-DUELS.

The duel between M. Floquet, Prime Minister of the French Republic, and General Boulanger, on Friday, July 13, has not been mortal to either combatant; the General's wound in the throat is healed. They fought in the exercise-ground of the private garden attached to the house of Count Dillon, at Neuilly. The seconds of M. Floquet were M. Clémenceau and M. Georges Perrin; those of General Boulanger were M. Laisant and M. Le Hérisse. An eminent surgeon, Dr. Léon Labbé, was present. M. Floquet had sent the challenge, in consequence of General Boulanger having insulted him by twice saying in the Chamber of Deputies, "You lie impudently," in the debate of the day before, when M. Floquet, as a Republican, had taunted the General with being formerly a suitor or visitor of "ante-chambers and scarieties." It is not doubted that the General intended to provoke the duel; but, having received the formal challenge, he was entitled to the choice of weapons. He chose swords, and being a soldier, ten years younger than M. Floquet, who is a lawyer, and about sixty years of age, the chances might have seemed greatly in favour of Boulanger. The two men stripped to their shirts, taking off their cravats and collars, and went at it with rapiers. At the first pass M. Floquet was slightly cut below the left calf, and General Boulanger got a puncture of the right forefinger. At the second pass M. Floquet was cut in the left hand, and his body was grazed on the right side. General Boulanger, who had rushed wildly at his opponent, received a serious wound; M. Floquet had quietly raised his sword, and Boulanger, stumbling forward, got it in his throat. The seconds, by common consent, stated that General Boulanger's wound made it impossible for him to continue to fight. The bleeding was stopped by the surgeon, and the General was able to walk to Count Dillon's house. The sword had pierced the right side of his neck to a depth exceeding two inches, passing between the jugular vein and the carotid artery, and nearly severing the phrenic nerve. There was danger of tetanus, and some fear lest the damage to the nerve should interfere with the respiratory movement of the diaphragm; but, after two days, all anxieties concerning the General's life were relieved, and he has sustained no permanent injury.

The foolish and wicked practice of duelling has been extinct in England for half a century past. Neither public opinion, nor the administration of the criminal law, would spare to punish any malefactor, however aristocratic or fashionable, who should resort to this method of avenging a personal quarrel. It is now generally agreed in this country, which is so far civilised, that a man has no right to take the life of another except by warrant of military service at the bidding of his Sovereign; and further, that a man has no right to expose his own life to be taken by another, except in defence of his country or of his neighbour, and in preventing or repelling some violent outrage. The former action, without such justification, is regarded as murder; the latter involves the moral guilt of suicide. But in looking back at the history of duelling in past pages, and within the recollection of many persons now living, there appear some mitigating considerations. In various instances, where one of the duellists was actually killed, there is ample reason to believe that the man who killed him was not animated by any malignant spirit, and did not

intend or desire to kill or even to wound him. Both were not uncommonly the mere slaves of a silly custom, and of a preposterous "rule of honour," which they obeyed under fear of being reputed cowards. This natural sentiment, and the willingness of each to attest the truth of some assertion, or his own innocence of some imputed misbehaviour, by pledging the risk of his life, could perhaps have been satisfied by some other process than a hostile encounter. They might have undertaken, in company, to brave some common danger, as in the ancient ordeal of passing through fire, or in twenty different ways. That two men who did not hate each other, in such a degree as to be capable of wilfully murdering, or even wilfully doing bodily harm to each other—which negative temper was often their case—should deliberately attempt to shoot or stab one another, because each pretended to be in the right, and because they wanted to be thought brave, was the most irrational and unpractical of actions. It would have been less inconsistent, though it would have been grossly absurd and still more dreadful, to have stood on opposite sides of an open barrel of gunpowder, and simultaneously cast lighted matches into it, in proof and wager of their equal courage.

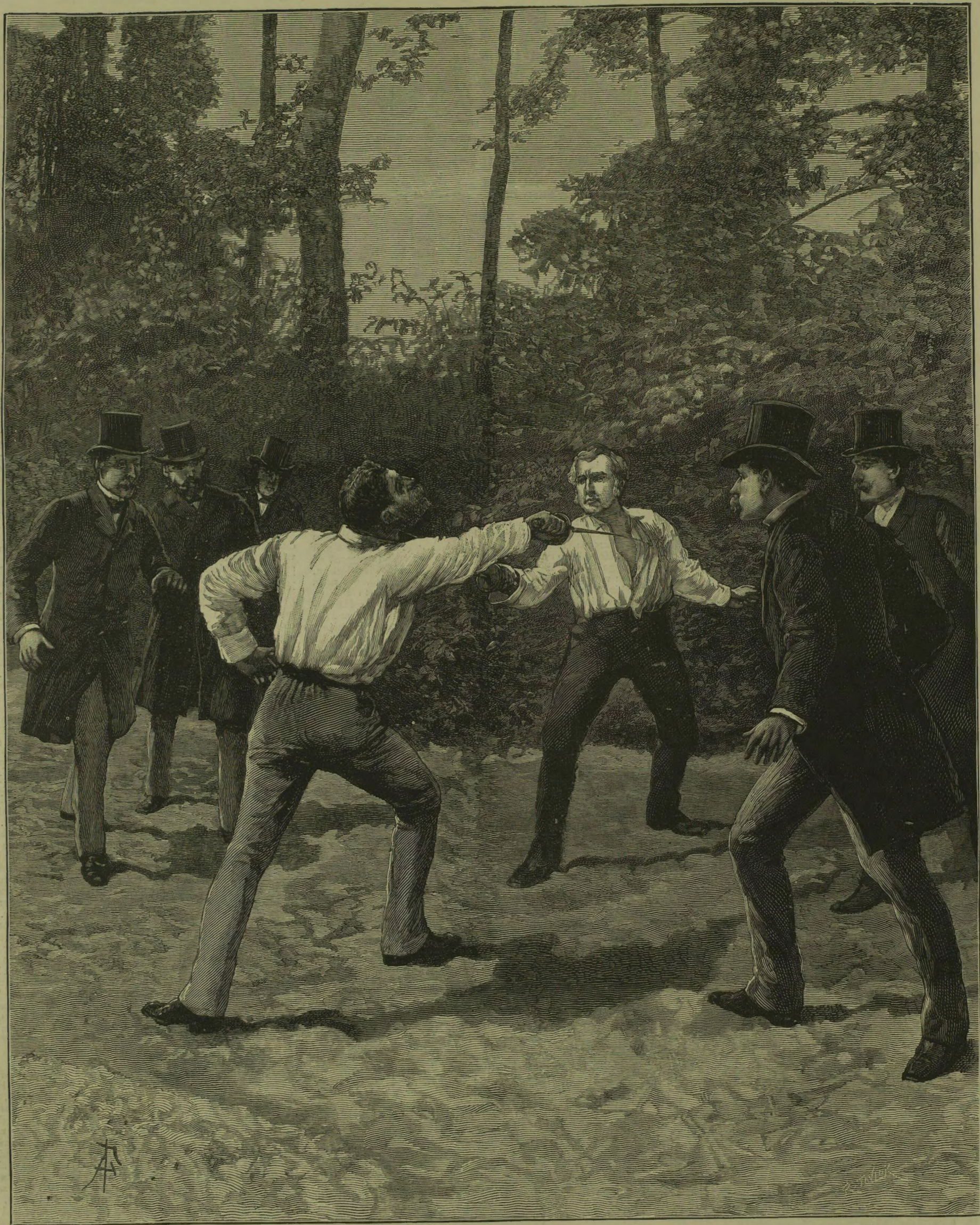
The duel, however, was an institution that, involving a trial of skill as well as of chance, besides the trial of courage, lent itself to atrocious abuses, being habitually employed by scoundrels who had become accomplished in wielding deadly weapons to terrorise all men less perfect in the art, by which they maintained a social ascendancy, in spite of all true laws of honour, of decency, and good manners. The most notorious liar, swindler, and traitor, the most dishonest and mischievous profligate, could defy the censure of public opinion, and could insult gentlemen of high character, if he were reputed to handle the sword or pistol more expertly than other men. The sword, especially, was the favourite instrument of the bully duellist, who knew how to use it so as to be tolerably sure of escaping all danger from his adversary's sword; whereas nobody can be sure of not being hit and killed by a pistol-bullet, even from the hand of an inferior marksman. There was, however, this only to be said in favour of the sword when all gentlemen learned somewhat of fencing—that a superior swordsman, who did not mean to kill, might easily contrive to inflict a wound disabling, but not dangerous to life. Indeed, the fine-bladed rapier, used from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, or the sharp-pointed fencing-foil, might be run through the body without killing, if it did not touch the heart or some other vital organ; while a thrust through the flesh of the arm, which was called "winging" or "pinking," gained the victory by slight infliction of personal suffering, and would be felt as a polite rebuke or lesson to avoid impertinence in future.

Of a very different complexion were the professional bully duellists, who abounded in France and Italy, more than anywhere, from the beginning of the sixteenth century, but whose school of homicide and lawless insolence found pupils all over Europe. It was a regular art in the Italy of the Renaissance, which invented what one of Shakespeare's gentlemen speaks of as "that poking fight of rapier and dagger," the dagger being held in the left hand, ready either to turn aside the opponent's sword or to inflict a mortal stab. This frightful combination of weapons caused the death of both combatants in an English duel in the reign of James I. Two of his courtiers, Sir George Wharton and Sir James Stuart, in November, 1609, fought at Canonbury, Islington, and killed each other. In the same year, two officers of the English army, Sir Hatton Cheek and Sir Thomas Dutton, fought with rapier and dagger at Calais, where both were slain. In 1613, Lord Bruce was killed in a duel at Bergen-op-Zoom by Edward Sackville, Earl of Dorset. But it was in France, under King Henry IV. as well as the preceding Kings of the House of Valois, that duelling raged with the utmost ferocity. More than six thousand French gentlemen fell victims to this baneful custom within a period of about one hundred years. A man disabled, or disarmed, or fallen prostrate, was to be killed at once, if he would not beg mercy of the victor. Among the most noted instances are the killing of Lachessaye, an old man of eighty, with sword and dagger, by young Châteauneuf, to whom he was guardian; the hamstringing cut of Jarnac, who thus overthrew his adversary and then put him to death; the triple combat between D'Entragues and Quélus, with two friends on each side, when three of the six were killed; and the duel, in 1613, between the grandson of the great Coligny and the grandson of the famous Duke of Guise, former leaders, respectively, of the Huguenots and of the Catholic League. One ruffian, the Chevalier d'Andrieux, at the age of thirty, boasted that he had killed seventy-two men in duels. Another, the Comte de Bouteville, who was a Montmorency, seeking reputation with "the small sword and the poignard," went about challenging every man who was said to be skilful, and killed them so frequently, having not the slightest cause of quarrel, that the Parlement issued several edicts to forbid him. These he openly disobeyed, and was therefore condemned and beheaded in Richelieu's time. Laws were passed then, and further in the reign of Louis XIV., to punish duellists with loss of rank, office, and estate, or with banishment; but pardons were constantly granted.

In England, on the Restoration of Charles I., sword-duelling became more fashionable than ever; and every reader is acquainted with the killing of the Earl of Shrewsbury by the Duke of Buckingham, at Barn Elms, the Duke's second, Sir J. Jenkins, being at the same time killed by the Earl's second, while Lady Shrewsbury, the adulteress, held Buckingham's horse standing by. "O tempora! O mores!" The sanguinary blackguard Lord Mohun, also, is likely to be remembered; he who shared in the murder of Montford the actor, and who afterwards, in 1712, fought a savage duel with the Duke of Hamilton in Hyde Park, where both were killed, each receiving three or four horrible wounds. Swords were still preferred to pistols in England, being usually worn by gentlemen, until after the middle of the last century; but the dagger had been rejected since the time of Charles I. Duellists sometimes came with swords and pistols; after exchanging shots they would use cold steel. It was not unfrequent, however, that two gentlemen who had got angry with each other at a tavern or in a private house, would at once draw their swords and fight, without any seconds or witnesses or formal arrangements. Lord Byron, great-uncle of the poet, in 1765 killed Mr. Chaworth, at a house in London in an impromptu sword-fight. Examples of this kind, in the memoirs and anecdotes, or in the comedies and old novelists' works of the eighteenth century, prove that "The world went very well then," as Mr. Walter Besant ironically says. Comparing the England of George II. with the England of Charles I., it looks rather like a relapse into barbarism, owing to the decay of religion and morality and domestic life. In the method of duelling, we observe that pistol-fighting found favour in Ireland as a gentlemanly pastime; indeed, it seems to have been the main pursuit of reckless men in the upper classes of society until after the Union.

The pistol-duels in England, during the reigns of the last two Georges, of William IV., and at the beginning of Victoria's reign, were often very serious; and some persons of considerable eminence, noblemen, statesmen, and distinguished military





THE DUEL BETWEEN M. FLOQUET AND GENERAL BOULANGER.

FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS, LENT BY THE PROPRIETORS OF THE "ILLUSTRATION," PARIS.

officers, were engaged in them. The present writer, among the personal recollections of his boyhood in a provincial town, has that of the lamented death of a benevolent medical man, the Mayor of the city, who was shot by a certain Baronet in a silly quarrel about dancing with a young lady at a ball the night before. The sword-duel has been maintained, in France especially, since 1830, as an accessory to political ambition, part of the stock-in-trade of adventurers in journalism, professional orators, and Parliamentary debaters. It is, at the same time, almost a compulsory obligation, in certain cases, among military men in France, in Austria, and in Germany. French public men too commonly think it a needful accessory to their pretensions; it has cost several valuable lives, and has degraded the tone of political contention. The Bonapartist faction has been supported by this species of bullying for many years past, and the Royalist faction has sometimes

resorted to it; but Republicans ought to be wiser, for their cue is to uphold the civil authority in redressing all private wrongs.

Among the notable sword-duels in France were that in which Armand Carrel, editor of the *National* in 1830, was badly wounded by a hostile journalist—Armand Carrel was afterwards killed by the pistol of Emile De Girardin; the attack on Henri De Pène, of the *Figaro*, who had to fight successive sub-lieutenants till one of them could run him through the liver; the two duels between the Marquis de Gallifet and Comte Lauriston, in 1858, when both were wounded; that in which Edmond About, in 1861, paid for a severe criticism of music with a wound in the shoulder; and one in 1867, between Prince Achille Murat and the Marquis de Rougé, who did slight harm to each other. Lamartine, in his youth, when secretary of the French Legation

at Florence, got a sword-thrust in the arm from Colonel Gabriel Pepe for some verses reflecting on the degeneracy of Italians. M. Beaupoil de St. Aulaire, who had written a political pamphlet, was killed by a cousin of the Duc de Feltre, as it had censured his conduct. General Foy, Benjamin Constant, and other leading politicians under the Restoration, had to fight duels with political opponents. The last duel fought in England was between two refugee Leicester-square Frenchmen, soon after the Exhibition of 1851; one was killed, while the other, named Barthélémy, got off, and was afterwards hanged for a different murder. In 1862, Mr. Dillon, a British subject residing in Paris, editor of *Le Sport*, was killed in a sword-duel with the Duc de Gramont-Caderousse. Fencing is constantly practised as an exercise, and studied as an art, by a large number of Frenchmen, and is not neglected in Germany, Italy, Spain, and Belgium.





DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

*"Fair White Rose of Somerset, let me be assured of the welcome of Ilchester by a kiss from your sweet lips, which I will return in token of my gratitude."*

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.



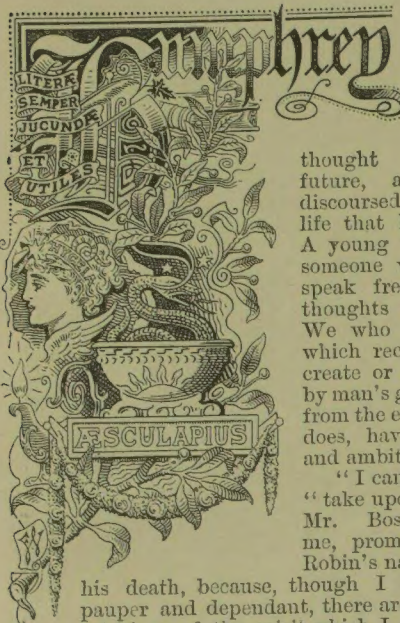
## FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.\*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBSON,"  
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

## CHAPTER VII.

## MEDICINÆ DOCTOR.



DID not, like Benjamin, brag of the things he would do when he should go forth to the world. Nevertheless, he

thought much about his future, and frequently he discoursed with me about the life that he fain would lead. A young man, I think, wants someone with whom he may speak freely concerning the thoughts which fill his soul. We who belong to the sex which receives but does not create or invent, which profits by man's good work, and suffers from the evil which he too often does, have no such thoughts and ambitions.

"I cannot," he would say, "take upon me holy orders, as Mr. Boscorel would have me, promising, in my cousin Robin's name, this living after

his death, because, though I am in truth a mere pauper and dependant, there are in me none of those prickings of the spirit which I could interpret into a Divine call for the ministry; next, because I cannot in conscience swear to obey the Thirty-nine Articles while I still hold that the Nonconformist way of worship is more consonant with the Word of God. And, again, I am of opinion that the Law of Moses, which forbade any but a well-formed man from serving at the altar, hath in it something eternal. It denotes that as no cripple may serve at the earthly altar, so in heaven, of which the altar is an emblem, all those who dwell therein shall be perfect in body as in soul. What, then, is such a one as myself, who hath some learning and no fortune, to do? Sir Christopher, my benefactor, will maintain me at Oxford until I have taken a degree. This is more than I could have expected. Therefore, I am resolved to take a degree in medicine. It is the only profession fit for a mis-shapen creature. They will not laugh at me when I alleviate their pains."

"Could anyone laugh at you, Humphrey?"

"Pray Heaven, I frighten not the ladies at the first aspect of me." He laughed, but not with merriment; for, indeed, a cripple or a hunchback cannot laugh mirthfully over his own misfortune. "Some men speak scornfully of the profession," he went on. "The great French playwright, Monsieur Molière, doth make the physicians the butt and laughing-stock of all Paris. Yet consider. It is medicine which prolongs our days and relieves our pains. Before the science was studied, the wretch who caught a fever in the marshy forest lay down and died; an ague lasted all one's life; a sore throat putrefied and killed; a rheumatism threw a man upon the bed from which he would never rise. The physician is man's chief friend. If our Sovereigns studied the welfare of humanity as deeply as the art of war, they would maintain, at vast expense, great colleges of learned men continually engaged in discovering the secrets of nature—the causes and the remedies of disease. What better use can a man make of his life than to discover one—only one—secret which will drive away part of the agony of disease? The Jews, more merciful than the Romans, stupefied their criminals after they were crucified; they died, indeed, but their sufferings were less. So the physician, though in the end all men must die, may help them to die without pain. Nay, I have even thought that we might devise means of causing the patient by some potent drug to fall into so deep a sleep that even the surgeon's knife shall not cause him to awaken."

He therefore, before he entered at Oxford, read with my father many learned books of the ancients on the science and practice of medicine, and studied botany with the help of such books as he could procure.

Some men have but one side to them—that is to say, the only active part of them is engaged in but one study; the rest is given up to rest or indolence. Thus Benjamin studied law diligently, but nothing else. Humphrey, for his part, read his Galen and his Celsus, but he neglected not the cultivation of those arts and accomplishments in which Mr. Boscorel was as ready a teacher as he was a ready scholar. He thus learned the history of painting, and sculpture, and architecture, and that of coins and medals, so that at eighteen Humphrey might already have set up as a virtuoso.

Nor was this all. Still by the help of the Rector, he learned the use of the pencil and the brush, and could both draw prettily, or paint in water colours, whether the cottages or the church, the cows in the fields, or the woods and hills. I have many pictures of his painting which he gave me from time to time. And he could play sweetly, whether on the spinnet, or the violin, or the guitar, spending many hours every week with Mr. Boscorel playing duettos together; and willingly he would sing, having a rich and full voice very delightful to hear. When I grew a great girl, and had advanced far enough, I was permitted to play with them. There was no end to the music which Mr. Boscorel possessed. First, he had a great store of English ditties such as country-people love—as, "Sing all a green willow," "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," or "Once I loved a maiden fair." There was nothing rough or rude in these songs, though I am informed that much wickedness is taught by the ribald songs that are sung in playhouses and coffee-rooms. And when we were not playing or singing, Mr. Boscorel would read us poetry—portions from Shakespeare or Ben Jonson, or out of Milton's "Paradise Lost"; or from Herrick, who is surely the sweetest poet that ever lived, "yet marred," said Mr. Boscorel, "by his coarseness and corruption." Now, one day, after we had been thus reading—one winter afternoon, when the sun lay upon the meadows—Humphrey walked home with me, and on the way confessed, with many blushes, that he, too, had been writing verses. And with that he lugged a paper out of his pocket.

"They are for thine own eyes only," he said. "Truly, my dear, thou hast the finest eyes in the world. They are for no other eyes than thine," he repeated. "Not for Robin, mind, lest he laugh: poetry hath in it something sacred, so that even the writer of bad verses cannot bear to have them laughed at. When thou art a year or two older thou wilt understand that they were written for thy heart as well as for thine eyes. Yet, if thou like the verses, they may be seen by Mr. Boscorel,

but in private; and if he laugh at them do not tell me. Yet, again, one would like to know what he said; wherefore, tell me, though his words be like a knife in my side."

Thus he wavered between wishing to show them to his master in art, and fearing.

In the end, when I showed them to Mr. Boscorel, he said that, for a beginner, they were very well—very well, indeed; that the rhymes were correct, and the metre true; that years and practice would give greater firmness, and that the crafty interlacing of thought and passion, which was the characteristic of Italian verse, could only be learned by much reading of the Italian poets. More he said, speaking upon the slight subject of rhyme and poetry with as much seriousness and earnestness as if he were weighing and comparing texts of Scripture.

Then he gave me back the verses with a sigh.

"Child," he said. "To none of us is given what most we desire. For my part, I longed in his infancy that my son should grow up even as Humphrey, as quick to learn; with as true a taste; with as correct an ear; with a hand as skilful. But—you see, I complain not, though Benjamin loves the noisy tavern better than the quiet coffee-house where the wits resort. To him such things as verses, art, and music are foolishness. I say that I complain not; but I would to Heaven that Humphrey were my own, and that his shoulders were straight, poor lad! Thy father hath made him a Puritan: he is such as John Milton in his youth—and as beautiful in face as that stout Republican. I doubt not that we shall have from the hand of Humphrey, if he live and prosper, something fine, the nature of which, whether it is to be in painting, or in music, or in poetry, I know not. Take the verses, and take care that thou lose them not; and, child—remember—the poet is allowed to say what he pleases about a woman's eyes. Be not deceived into thinking—But no—no—there is no fear. Good-night, thou sweet and innocent saint."

I knew not then what he meant; but these are the verses, and I truly think that they are very moving and religious. For if woman be truly the most beautiful work of the Creator (which all men aver), then it behoves her all the more still to point upwards. I read them with a pleasure and surprise that filled my whole soul, and inflamed my heart with pious joy:—

Around, above, and everywhere

The earth hath many a lovely thing;  
The zephyrs soft, the flowers fair,  
The babbling brook, the bubbling spring.

The grey of dawn, the azure sky,  
The sunset glow, the evening gloom;  
The warbling thrush, the skylark high,  
The blossoming hedge, the garden's bloom.

The sun in state, the moon in pride,  
The twinkling stars in order laid;  
The winds that ever race and ride,  
The shadows flying o'er the glade.

Oh! many a lovely thing hath earth,  
To charm the eye and witch the soul;  
Yet one there is of passing worth—  
For that one thing I give the whole.

The crowning work, the last thing made,  
Creation's masterpiece to be—  
Bend o'er yon stream, and there displayed,  
This wondrous thing reflected see.

Behold a face for heaven designed;  
See how those eyes thy soul betray—  
Love—secret love—there sits enshrined;  
And upwards still doth point the way.

When Humphrey went away, he did not, like Benjamin, come blustering and declaring that he would marry me, and that he would break the skull of any other man who dared make love to me—not at all; Humphrey, with tears in his eyes, told me that he was sorry I could not go to Oxford as well; that he was going to lose the sweetest companion in the world; and that he should always love me; and then he kissed me on the forehead, and so departed. Why should he not always love me? I knew very well that he loved me, and that I loved him. Although he was so young, being only seventeen when he was entered at Exeter College, I suppose there never was a young gentleman went to the University of Oxford with so many accomplishments, and so much learning. By my father's testimony he read Greek as if it were his mother tongue, and he wrote and conversed easily in Latin; and you have heard what arts and accomplishments he added to this solid learning. He was elected to a scholarship at his college, that of Exeter, and, after he took his degree as Bachelor of Medicine, he was made a Fellow of All Souls, where Mr. Boscorel himself had also been a Fellow. This election was not only a great distinction for him, but it gave him what a learned young man especially desires—the means of living and of pursuing his studies.

While he was at Oxford he wrote letters to Sir Christopher, to Mr. Boscorel, and to my father (to whom also he sent such new books and pamphlets as he thought would interest him). To me he sent sometimes drawings and sometimes books, but never verses.

Now (to make an end of Humphrey for the present), when he had obtained his fellowship, he asked for and obtained leave of absence and permission to study medicine in those great schools which far surpass, they say, our English schools of medicine. These are that of Montpellier; the yet more famous school of Padua, in Italy; and that of Leyden, whither many Englishmen have resorted for study, notably Mr. Evelyn, whose book called "Sylva" was in the Rector's library.

He carried on during the whole of this time a correspondence with Mr. Boscorel on the paintings, statues, and architecture to be seen wherever his travels carried him. These letters Mr. Boscorel read aloud, with a map spread before him, discoursing on the history of the place and the chief things to be seen there, before he began to read. Surely there never was a man so much taken up with the fine arts, especially as they were practised by the ancients.

There remains the last of the boys—Robin, Sir Christopher's grandson and heir. I should like this book to be all about Robin—yet one must needs speak of the others. I declare, that from the beginning, there never was a boy more happy, more jolly; never anyone more willing to be always making someone happy. He loved the open air, the wild creatures, the trees, the birds, everything that lives beneath the sky; yet not like my poor brother Barnaby—a hater of books. He read all the books which told about creatures, or hunting, or country life; and all voyages and travels. A fresh-coloured, wholesome lad, not so grave as Humphrey, nor so rustic as Barnaby, who always seemed to carry with him the scent of woods and fields. He was to Sir Christopher, what Benjamin was to Jacob. Even my father loved him though he was so poor a scholar.

Those who stay at home have homely wits: that is well known: therefore Robin must follow Humphrey to Oxford. He went thither the year after his cousin. I never learned that he obtained a scholarship, or that he was considered one of the younger pillars of that learned and ancient University; or, indeed, that he took a degree at all.

After he left Oxford, he must go to London, there to study Justice's Law and fit himself for the duties he would have to fulfil. Also his grandfather would have him acquire some knowledge of the Court and the City, and the ways of the great and the rich. This, too, he did; though he never learned

to prefer those ways to the simple customs and habits of his Somerset village.

He, too, like the other two, bade me a tender farewell. "Poor Alice!" he said, taking both my hands in his. "What wilt thou do when I am gone?"

Indeed, since Humphrey went away, we had been daily companions; and at the thought of being thus left alone the tears were running down my cheeks.

"Why, sweetheart," he said, "to think that I should ever make thee cry—I who desire nothing but to make thee always laugh and be happy! What wilt thou do? Go often to my mother. She loves thee as if thou wert her own daughter. Go and talk to her concerning me. It pleaseth the poor soul to be still talking of her son. And forget not my grandfather. Play backgammon with him; fill his pipe for him; sing to the spinnet for him; talk to him about Humphrey and me. And forget not Mr. Boscorel, my uncle. The poor man looks as melancholy since Humphrey went away as a turtle robbed of her nest. I saw him yesterday opening one of his drawers full of medals, and he sighed over them fit to break his heart. He sighed for Humphrey, not for Ben. Well, child, what more? Take Lance"—twas his dog—"for a run every day; make George Sparrow keep an eye upon the stream for otters; and—there are a thousand things, but I will write them down. Have patience with the dear old man when he will be still talking about me."

"Patience, Robin," I said. "Why, we all love to talk about thee."

"Do you all love to talk about me? Dost thou, too, Alice? Oh, my dear, my dear!" Here he took me in his arms and kissed me on the lips. "Dost thou also love to talk about me? Why, my dear, I shall think of nothing but of thee. Because—oh! my dear!—I love thee with all my heart."

Well, I was still so foolish that I understood nothing more than that we all loved him, and he loved us all.

"Alice, I will write letters to thee. I will put them in the packet for my mother. Thus thou wilt understand that I am always thinking of thee."

He was as good as his word. But the letters were so full of the things he was doing and seeing, that it was quite clear that his mind had plenty of room for more than one object. To be sure, I should have been foolish, indeed, had I desired that his letters should tell me that he was always thinking about me, when he should have been attending to his business.

After a year in London, his grandfather thought that he should travel. Therefore, he went abroad and joined Humphrey at Montpellier, and with him rode northwards to Leyden, where he sojourned while his cousin attended the lectures of that famous school.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## A ROYAL PROGRESS.

When all the boys were gone the time was quiet, indeed, for those who were left behind. My mother's wheel went spinning still, but I think that some kindness on the part of Mr. Boscorel as well as Sir Christopher caused her weekly tale of yarn to be of less importance. And as for me, not only would she never suffer me to sit at the spinning-wheel, but there was so much request of me (to replace the boys) that I was nearly all the day either with Sir Christopher, or with Madam, or with Mr. Boscorel.

Up to the year 1680, or thereabouts, I paid no more attention to political matters than any young woman with no knowledge may be supposed to give. Yet, of course, I was on the side of liberty, both civil and religious. How should that be otherwise, my father being such as he was, muzzled for all these years, the work of his life prevented and destroyed?

It was in that year, however, that I became a most zealous partisan and lover of the Protestant cause in the way that I am about to relate.

Everybody knows that there is no part of Great Britain (not even Scotland) where the Protestant religion hath supporters more stout and staunch than Somerset and Devonshire. I hope I shall not be accused of disloyalty to Queen Anne, under whom we now flourish and are happy, when I say that in the West of England we had grown—I know not how—to regard the late misguided Duke of Monmouth as the champion of the Protestant faith. When, therefore, the Duke came into the West of England in the year 1680, five years before his Rebellion, he was everywhere received with acclamations and by crowds who gathered round him to witness their loyalty to the Protestant faith. They came also to gaze upon the gallant commander who had defeated both the French and the Dutch, and was said (but erroneously) to be as wise as he was brave; and as religious as he was beautiful to look upon. As for his wisdom, those who knew him best have since assured the world that he had little or none, his judgment being always swayed and determined for him by crafty and subtle persons seeking their own interests. And as for his religion, whatever may have been his profession, good works were wanting—as is now very well known. But at that time, and among our people, the wicked ways of Courts were only half understood. And there can be no doubt that, whether he was wise or religious, the show of affection with which the Duke was received upon this journey, turned his head and caused him to think that these people would rally round him if he called upon them. And I suppose that there is nothing which more delights a Prince than to believe that his friends are ready even to lay down their lives in his behalf.

At that time the country was greatly agitated by anxiety concerning the succession. Those who were nearest the throne knew that King Charles was secretly a Papist. We in the country had not learned that dismal circumstance: yet we knew the religion of the Duke of York. Thousands there were, like Sir Christopher himself, who now lamented the return of the King, considering the disgraces which had fallen upon the country. But what was done could not be undone. They, therefore, asked themselves if the nation would suffer an avowed Papist to ascend a Protestant throne. If not, what should be done? And here, as everybody knows, was opinion divided. For some declared that the Duke of Monmouth, had he his rights, was the lawful heir; and others maintained, on the King's own word, that he was never married to Mistress Lucy Waters. Therefore, they would have the Duke of York's daughter, a Protestant Princess, married to William of Orange, proclaimed Queen. The Monmouth party were strong, however, and it was even said—Mr. Henry Clark, minister of Crewkerne, wrote a pamphlet to prove it—that a poor woman, Elizabeth Parcet by name, touched the Duke (he being ignorant of the thing) for King's Evil, and was straightway healed. Sir Christopher laughed at the story, saying that the King himself, whether he was descended from a Scottish Stuart or from King Solomon himself, could no more cure that dreadful disease than the seventh son of a seventh son (as some foolish people believe), or the rubbing of the part affected by the hand of a man that had been hanged (as others do foolishly believe), which is the reason why on the gibbets the hanging corpses are always handless.

It was noised abroad, beforehand, that the Duke was going to ride through the west country in order to visit his friends.



The progress (it was more like a Royal progress than the journey of a private nobleman) began with his visit to Mr. Thomas Thynne, of Longleat House. It is said that his chief reason for going to that house was to connect himself with the obligation of the tenant of Longleat to give the King and his suite a night's lodging when they visited that part of the country. Mr. Thynne, who entertained the Duke on this occasion, was the same who was afterwards murdered in London by Count Konigsmark. They called him "Tom of Ten Thousand." The poet Dryden hath written of this progress, in that poem wherein, under the fabled name of Alsalam, he figures the Duke:—

He now begins his progress to ordain,  
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train.  
Pace runs before him as the morning star,  
And shouts of joy salute him from afar.  
Each horse receives him as a guard an god,  
And consecrates the place of his abode.

It was for his hospitable treatment of the Duke that Mr. Thynne was immediately afterwards deprived of the command of the Wiltshire Militia.

"Son-in-law," said Sir Christopher, "I would ride out to meet the Duke in respect to his Protestant professions. As for any pretensions he may have to the succession, I know nothing of them."

"I will ride with you, Sir," said the Rector, "to meet the son of the King. And as for any Protestant professions, I know nothing of them. His Grace still remains, I believe, within the pale of the Church as by law established. Let us all ride out together."

Seeing that my father also rode with them, it is certain that there were many and diverse reasons why so many thousands gathered together to welcome the Duke. Madame, Robin's mother, out of her kind heart, invited me to accompany her, and gave me a white frock to wear and blue ribbons to put into it.

We made, with our servants, a large party. We were also joined by many of the tenants, with their sons and wives, so that when we came to Ilchester, Sir Christopher was riding at the head of a great company of sixty or more, and very fine they looked, all provided with blue favours in honour of the Duke.

From Bradford Orcas to Ilchester is but six miles as the crow flies, but the ways (which are narrow and foul in winter) do so wind and turn about that they add two miles at least to the distance. Fortunately the season was summer—namely, August—when the sun is hottest and the earth is dry, so that no one was bogged on the way.

We started betimes—namely, at six in the morning—because we knew not for certain at what time the Duke would arrive at Ilchester. When we came forth from the Manor House the farmers were already waiting for us, and so, after greetings from his Honour, they fell in and followed. We first took the narrow and rough lane which leads to the high road; but, when we reached it, we found it full of people riding, like ourselves, or trudging, staff in hand, all in the same direction. They were going to gaze upon the Protestant Duke, who, if he had his way, would restore freedom of conscience, and abolish the Acts against the Nonconformists. We rode through Marston Magna, but only the old people and the little children were left there; in the fields the ripe corn stood waiting to be cut; in the farmyards the beasts were standing idle; all the hinds were gone to Ilchester to see the Duke. And I began to fear lest when we got to Ilchester we should be too late. At Marston we left the main road and entered upon a road (call it a track rather than a road) across the country, which is here flat and open. In winter it is miry and boggy, but it was now dry and hard. This path brought us again to the main road in two miles, or thereabouts, and here we were but a mile or so from Ilchester. Now, such a glorious sight as awaited us here I never expected to see. Once again, after five years, I was to see a welcome still more splendid; but nothing can ever efface from my memory that day. For first, the roads, as I have said, were thronged with rusties, and next, when we rode into the town we found it filled with gentlemen most richly dressed, and ladies so beautiful, and with such splendid attire that it dazzled my eyes to look upon them. It was a grand thing to see the gentlemen take off their hats and cry, "Huzza for brave Sir Christopher!" Everybody knew his opinions and on what side he had fought in the Civil War. The old man bent his head, and I think that he was pleased with this mark of honour.

The town which, though ancient, is now decayed and hath but few good houses in it, was made glorious with bright-coloured cloths, carpets, flags, and ribbons. There were bands of music; the bells of the church were ringing; the main street was like a fair with booths and stalls, and in the market-place there were benches set up with white canvas covering, where sat ladies in their fine dresses, some of them with naked necks, unseemly to behold. Yet it was pretty to see the long curls lying on their white shoulders. Some of them sat with half-closed eyes, which, I have since learned, is the fashion at Court. Mostly, they wore satin petticoats, and demi-gowns also of satin, furnished with a long train. Our place was beside the old Cross with its gilt ball and vane. The people who filled the streets came from Sherborne, from Bruton, from Shepton, from Glastonbury, from Langport, and from Somerton, and from all the villages round. It was computed that there were twenty thousand of them. Two thousand at least rode out to meet the Duke, and followed after him when he rode through the town. And, oh! the shouting as he drew near, the clashing of the bells, the beating of the drums, the blowing of the horns, the firing of the guns, as if the more noise they made the greater would be the Duke.

Since that day I have not wondered at the power which a Prince hath of drawing men after him, even to the death. Never was heir to the Crown received with such joy and welcome as was this young man, who had no title to the Crown, and was base-born. Yet, because he was a brave young man, and comely above all other young men, gracious of speech, and ready with a laugh and a joke, and because he was the son of the King, and the reputed champion of the Protestant faith, the people could not shout too loud for him.

The Duke was at this time in the prime of manhood, being thirty-five years of age. "At that age," Mr. Boscorl used to say, "one would desire to remain if the body of clay were immortal. For then the volatile humours of youth have been dissipated. The time of follies has passed; love is regarded with the sober eyes of experience; knowledge has been acquired; skill of eye and hand has been gained, if one is so happy as to be a follower of art and music; wisdom hath been reached, if wisdom is ever to be attained. But wisdom," he would add, "is a quality generally lacking at every period of life."

"When last I saw the Duke," he told us while we waited, "was fifteen years ago, in St. James's Park. He was walking with the King, his father, who had his arm about his son's shoulders, and regarded him fondly. At that time he was, indeed, a very David for beauty. I suppose that he hath not kept that singular loveliness which made him the darling of the Court. That, indeed, were not a thing to be desired or expected. He is now the hero of Maestricht, and the Chancellor of Cambridge University."

And then all hats were pulled off, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the men shouted, and you would have thought the bells would have pulled the old tower down with the vehemence of their ringing; for the Duke was riding into the town.

He was no longer a beautiful boy, but a man at whose aspect every heart was softened. His enemies, in his presence, could not blame him; his friends, at sight of him, could not praise him, of such singular beauty was he possessed. Softness, gentleness, kindness, and goodwill reigned in his large soft eyes; graciousness sat upon his lips, and all his face seemed to smile as he rode slowly between the lane formed by the crowd on either hand.

What said the Poet Dryden in that same poem of his from which I have already quoted?—

Early in foreign fields he won renown  
With Kings and States allied to Israel's crown;  
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,  
And seemed as he were only born for love.  
Whatever he did was done with so much ease,  
In him alone 'twas natural to please;  
His motions all accompanied with grace,  
And Paradise was opened in his face.

Now I have to tell of what happened to me—the most insignificant person in the whole crowd. It chanced that as the Duke came near the spot beside the cross where we were standing, the press in front obliged him to stop. He looked about him while he waited, smiling still and bowing to the people. Presently his eyes fell upon me, and he whispered a gentleman who rode beside him, yet a little in the rear. This gentleman laughed, and dismounted. What was my confusion when he advanced towards me and spoke to me!

"Madam," he said, calling me "Madam!" "His Grace would say one word to you, with permission of your friends."

"Go with this gentleman, child," said Sir Christopher, laughing. Everybody laughs—I know not why—when a girl is led out to be kissed.

"Fair White Rose of Somerset," said his Grace—'twas the most musical voice in the world, and the softest. "Fair White Rose"—he repeated the words—"let me be assured of the welcome of Ilchester by a kiss from your sweet lips, which I will return in token of my gratitude."

All the people who heard these words shouted as if they would burst themselves asunder. And the gentleman who had led me forth lifted me so that my foot rested on the Duke's boot, while his Grace laid his arm tenderly round my waist and kissed me twice.

"Sweet child," he said, "what is thy name?"

"By your Grace's leave," I said, the words being very strange, "My name is Alice. I am the daughter of Dr. Comfort Eykin, an ejected minister. I have come with Sir Christopher Challis, who stands yonder."

"Sir Christopher!" said the Duke, as if surprised. "Let me shake hands with Sir Christopher. I take it kindly, Sir Christopher, that you have so far honoured me." So he gave the old man, who stepped forward bareheaded, his hand, still holding me by the waist. "I pray that we may meet again, Sir Christopher, and that before long." Then he drew a gold ring, set with an emerald, from his forefinger, and placed it upon mine, "God grant it bring thee luck, sweet child," he said, and kissed me again, and then suffered me to be lifted down. And you may be sure that it was with red cheeks that I took my place among my friends. Yet Sir Christopher was pleased at the notice taken of him by the Duke, and my father was not displeased at the part I had been made to play.

When the Duke had ridden through the town, many of the people followed after, as far as White Lackington, which is close to Ilminster. So many were they that they took down a great piece of the park paling to admit them all; and there, under a Spanish chestnut-tree, the Duke drank to the health of all the people.

At Ilminster, whither he rode a few days later; at Chard, at Ford Abbey, at Colyton, and at Exeter—wherever he went, he was received with the same shouts and acclamations. It is no wonder, therefore, that he should believe, a few years later, that those people would follow him when he drew the sword for the Protestant religion.

One thing is certain—that in the West of England, from the progress of Monmouth to the Rebellion, there was uneasiness, with an anxious looking forward to troubled times. The people of Taunton kept as a day of holiday and thanksgiving the anniversary of the raising of Charles's siege. When the Mayor, in 1683, tried to stop the celebration they nearly stoned him to death. After this, Sir George Jeffreys, afterwards Lord Jeffreys, who took the spring circuit in 1684, was called upon to report on the loyalty of the West country. He reported that the gentry were loyal and well disposed. But he knew not the mind of the weavers and spinners of the country.

It was this progress; the sight of the Duke's sweet face; his flattery of me, and his soft words, and the ring he gave me, which made me from that moment such a partisan of his cause as only a woman can be. Women cannot fight, but they can encourage those who do; and they can not only ardently desire, but they can despise and condemn those who think otherwise. I cannot say that it was I who persuaded our boys five years later to join the Duke; but I can truly say that I did and said all that a woman can; that I rejoiced when they did so; and that I should never have forgiven Robin had he joined the forces of the Papist King.

(To be continued.)

### INTERNATIONAL GEOLOGICAL CONGRESS.

The following arrangements have been made for the London meeting of the International Geological Congress, which will be held from Sept. 17 to 22. The meetings will be held in the rooms of the University of London, Burlington-gardens, where accommodation for the council, committees, exhibition, &c., has been granted by the Senate of the University.

The opening meeting of the congress will take place on Monday evening, Sept. 17, at eight p.m., when the council will be appointed, and the general order of business for the session will be determined. The ordinary meetings of the congress will be held on the mornings of Tuesday, the 18th, and succeeding days, commencing at ten a.m. In the afternoons there will be visits to museums, or to places of interest in the neighbourhood of London. Arrangements for the evenings will be made at a later date.

The ordinary business of the congress will include the discussion of questions not considered at Berlin, or adjourned thence for fuller discussion at the London meeting. Amongst these are:—The Geological Map of Europe; the Classification of the Cambrian and Silurian Rocks and of the Tertiary Strata; and some points of Nomenclature, &c., referred to the congress by the International Commission. Miscellaneous business will also be considered. A special sitting will be devoted to a discussion on the "Crystalline Schists." Contributions on this subject are expected from several foreign authorities; these will be printed in advance, and will be distributed at the opening meeting of the congress. The memoirs may therefore be taken as "read" at the meeting, and the discussion be proceeded with at once. At one of the evening meetings arrangements will be made for the exhibition of lantern-slides, illustrating the discussion of the Crystalline Schists.

Excursions will take place in the week after the meeting (Sept. 24 to 30). The number of these will depend upon the number of members desirous of attending; those at present suggested are:—1. The Isle of Wight (visiting the Ordnance Survey Office at Southampton on the way). 2. North Wales. 3. East Yorkshire. 4. Norfolk and Suffolk. 5. Central England (Jurassic Rocks). 6. West Yorkshire.

### CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

D. OF M.	OF W.	ANNIVERSARIES, FESTIVALS, OCCURRENCES, HISTORICAL NOTES, ETC.	SUN.			MOON.			DURATION OF MOONLIGHT.												HIGH WATER AT				Day of Year.	
			Rises.	South after Noon.	Sets.	Rises. Morn.	Sets. Aftern.	Before Sunrise. O'Clock.	After Sunrise. O'Clock.	After Sunset. O'Clock.	After Sunset. O'Clock.	London Bridge.		Liverpool Dock.												
												Morn.	Aftern.	Morn.	Aftern.											
			H. M.	M. S.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Morn.	Aftern.	Morn.	Aftern.	
1	W	Lammas Day	4 26	6 2	7 45	Morn.	2 26									23						8 1	8 29	5 1	5 26	214
2	Th	Battle of Blenheim, 1704	4 27	5 58	7 43	0 1	3 29									24						9 2	9 38	5 54	6 27	215
3	F	Sir R. Arkwright died, 1792	4 28	5 53	7 42	0 33	4 30									25						10 15	10 51	7 3	7 40	216
4	S	G. Canning died, 1827	4 30	5 48	7 40	1 11	5 26									26						11 26	11 56	8 16	8 51	217
5	S	10TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	4 32	5 42	7 39	1 59	6 17									27						—	0 24	9 21	9 49	218
6	M	Bank Holiday in England and Scotland	4 33	5 35	7 38	2 54	7 1									28						0 48	1 11	10 13	10 36	219
7	Th	Name of Jesus.	4 35	5 28	7 37	3 58	7 40									29						1 34	1 55	10 59	11 20	220
8	W	Thunberg died, 1828	4 36	5 20	7 36	5 8	8 10									1						2 15	2 34	11 40	11 59	221
9	Th	Greenwich Observatory commenced, 1675	4 38	5 12	7 34	6 22	8 38									2						2 52	3 12	—	0 17	222
10	F	St. Lawrence	4 39	5 3	7 31	7 39	9 2									3						3 30	3 50	0 37	0 55	223
11	S	Dog Days end Half-Quarter Day	4 41	4 54	7 28	8 55	9 26									4						4 9	4 30	1 15	1 34	224
12	S	11TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	4 42	4 44	7 26	10 14	9 50									5						4 50	5 11	1 55	2 15	225
13	M	Old Lammas Day	4 44	4 33	7 24	11 34	10 16									6						5 31	5 54	2 36	2 56	226
14	Th	Trinity Law Sittings end	4 45	4 22	7 22	Aftern.	10 44									7						6 17	6 43	3 19	4 42	227
15	W	Sir Walter Scott born, 1771	4 47	4 10	7 20	2 10	11 19									8						7 9	7 37	4 8	4 34	228
16	Th	Severe storms in the Midlands, 1877	4 48	3 58	7 18	3 24	Morn.									9						8 8	8 44	5 2	5 33	229
17	F	Frederick the Great died, 1786	4 50	3 45	7 16	4 32	0 1									10						9 22	10 3	6 9	6 47	230
18	S	Battle of Gravelotte, 1870	4 51	3 32	7 14	5 31	0 53									11						10 44	11 25	7 28	8 9	231
19	S	12TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	4 53	3 18	7 12	6 18	1 53									12						—	0 1	8 50	9 26	232
20	M	Black Game Shooting begins	4 55	3 4	7 10	6 57	3 2									13						0 34	1 1	9 59	10 26	233
21	Th	The fifth Duke of Northumberland died, 1567	4 56	2 49	7 8	7 28	4 14									14						1 28	1 52	10 53	11 17	234
22	W	Battle of Bosworth Field, 1485	4 58	2 34	7 6	7 52	5 26									15						2 13	2 34	11 38	11 59	235
23	Th	Sir W. Herschel died, 1822	4 59	2 18	7 4	8 15	6 38									16						2 53	3 13	—	0 18	236
24	F	St. Bartholomew	5 1	2 2	7 2	8 35	7 49									17						3 32	3 50	0 38	0 57	237
25	S	James Watt died, 1819	5 3	1 46	7 0	8 51	8 57									18						4 9	4 26	1 15	1 34	238
26	S	13TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	5 4	1 29	6 58	9 15	10 2									19						4 43	4 58	1 51	2 8	239
27	M	Algiers bombarded, 1816	5 6	1 12	6 56	9 36	11 8									20						5 14	5 30	2 23	2 39	240
28	Th	St. Augustine. Battle of Kussassin, 1882	5 8	0 51	6 54	10 1	Aftern.									21						5 46	6 5	2 55	3 11	241
29	W	Battle of Aspromonte, 1862	5 9	0 36	6 52	10 30	1 16									22						6 25	6 46	3 30	3 50	242
30	Th	Admiral Sir John Ross died, 1856	5 10	0 18	6 49	11 5	2 17									23						7 9	7 34	4 11	4 34	243
31	F	John Bunyan died, 1688	5 12	0 0	6 47	11 49	3 16									24						8 4	8 38	4 59	5 29	244

### ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES FOR AUGUST.

The MOON will be near Mercury on the morning of the 5th; she will be near Saturn on the 7th; and near Venus on the morning of the 8th; she will be very near Mars during the evening hours of the 13th, the nearest approach will be at 9h p.m.; and she will be near, and a little to the right of, Jupiter on the 14th. Her phases or times of change are:—

New Moon on the 7th at 21 minutes after 6 in the afternoon.  
First Quarter " 14th " 44 " " " "  
Full Moon " 21st " 20 " " " "  
Last Quarter " 29th " 18 " " " "

She is nearest the Earth on the 14th, and most distant from it on the 28th.

MERCURY is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 2h 49m a.m., or 1h 37m before the Sun rises; on the 4th at 2h 52m a.m., or 1h 38m before sunrise; on the 9th at 3h 13m a.m., or 1h 25m before the Sun rises; on the 14th at 3h 44m a.m., or 1h 1m before sunrise; on the 19th at 4h 20m a.m., or 3h 44m before the Sun rises; on the 24th at 4h 56m a.m., or 3h 30m before sunrise. He sets on the 19th at 7h 14m p.m., or 2 minutes after sunset; on the 24th at 7h 14m p.m., or 12 minutes after the Sun sets; and on

the 30th at 7h 9m p.m., or 20 minutes after sunset. He is near the Moon on the 6th, and in ascending node on the same day. He is at least distant from the Sun on the 10th; is near Saturn on the 14th; and in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 21th.

VENUS is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 8h 5m p.m., or 23 minutes after sunset; on the 10th at 7h 56m p.m., or 25 minutes after the Sun sets; on the 20th at 7h 41m p.m., or 31 minutes after sunset; on the 30th at 7h 21m p.m., or 32 minutes after the Sun sets. She is near the Moon on the 8th.

MARS sets on the 1st at 10h 17m p.m., on the 10th at 9h 52m p.m., on the 20th at 9h 21m p.m., and on the 30th at 9h 0m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 13th.

JUPITER sets on the 1st at 11h 18m p.m., on the 8th at 10h 51m p.m., on the 18th at 10h 11m p.m., and on the 28th at 9h 37m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 11th, and in quadrature with the Sun on the 20th.

SATURN sets on the 1st at 7h 51m p.m., or 6 minutes after the Sun sets; on the 4th at 7h 44m p.m., or 2 minutes after sunset. He rises on the 9th at 4h 0m a.m., on the 19th at 3h 28m a.m., and on the 29th at 2h 56m a.m. He is in conjunction with the Sun on the 2nd, and is near the Moon on the 7th.

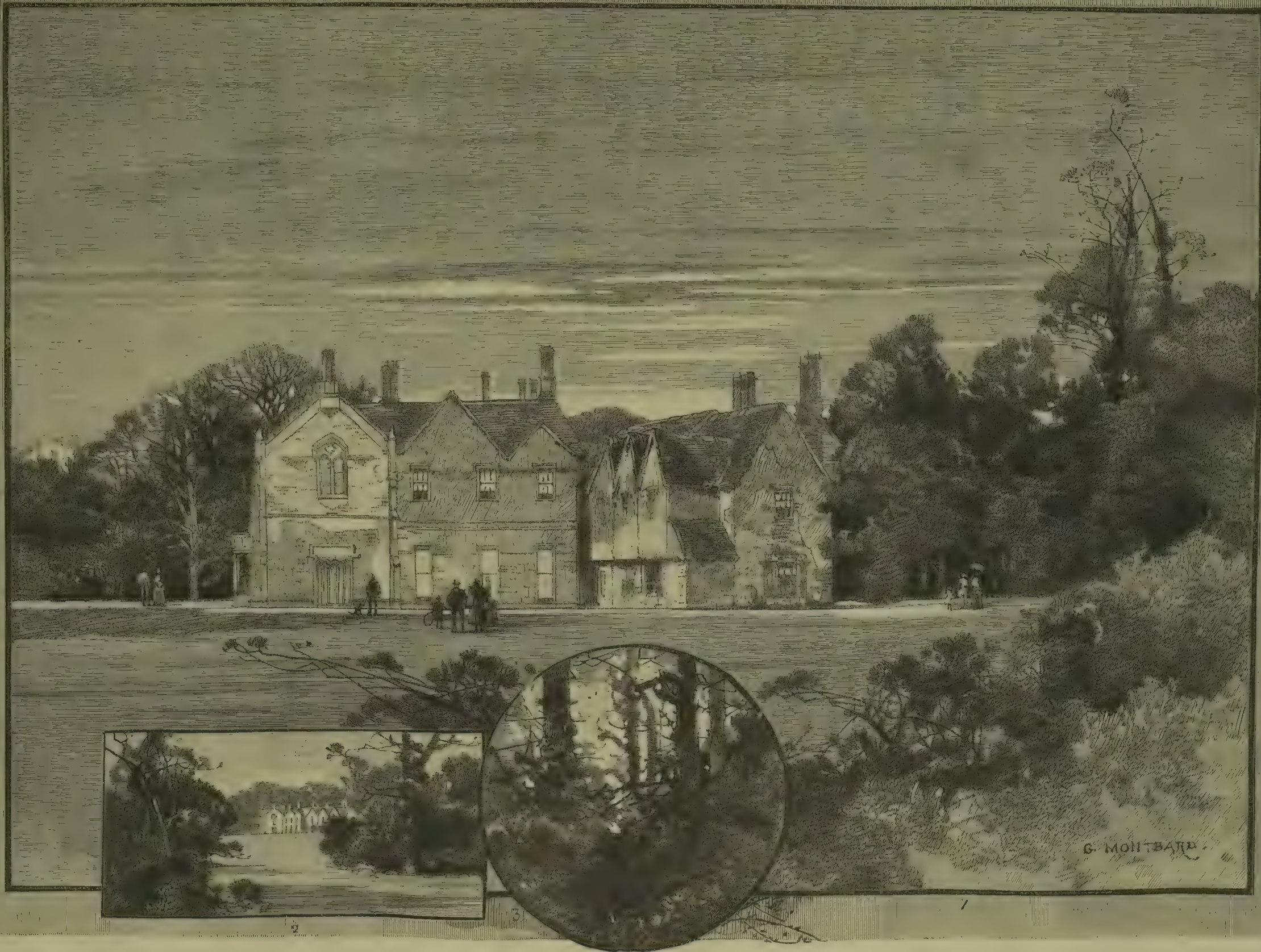




"LA PETTINIERA."—BY CONRAD KIESEL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC UNION, MUNICH.





1. Back View from Private Garden.

2. Distant View from the Road.

3. The Wilderness.



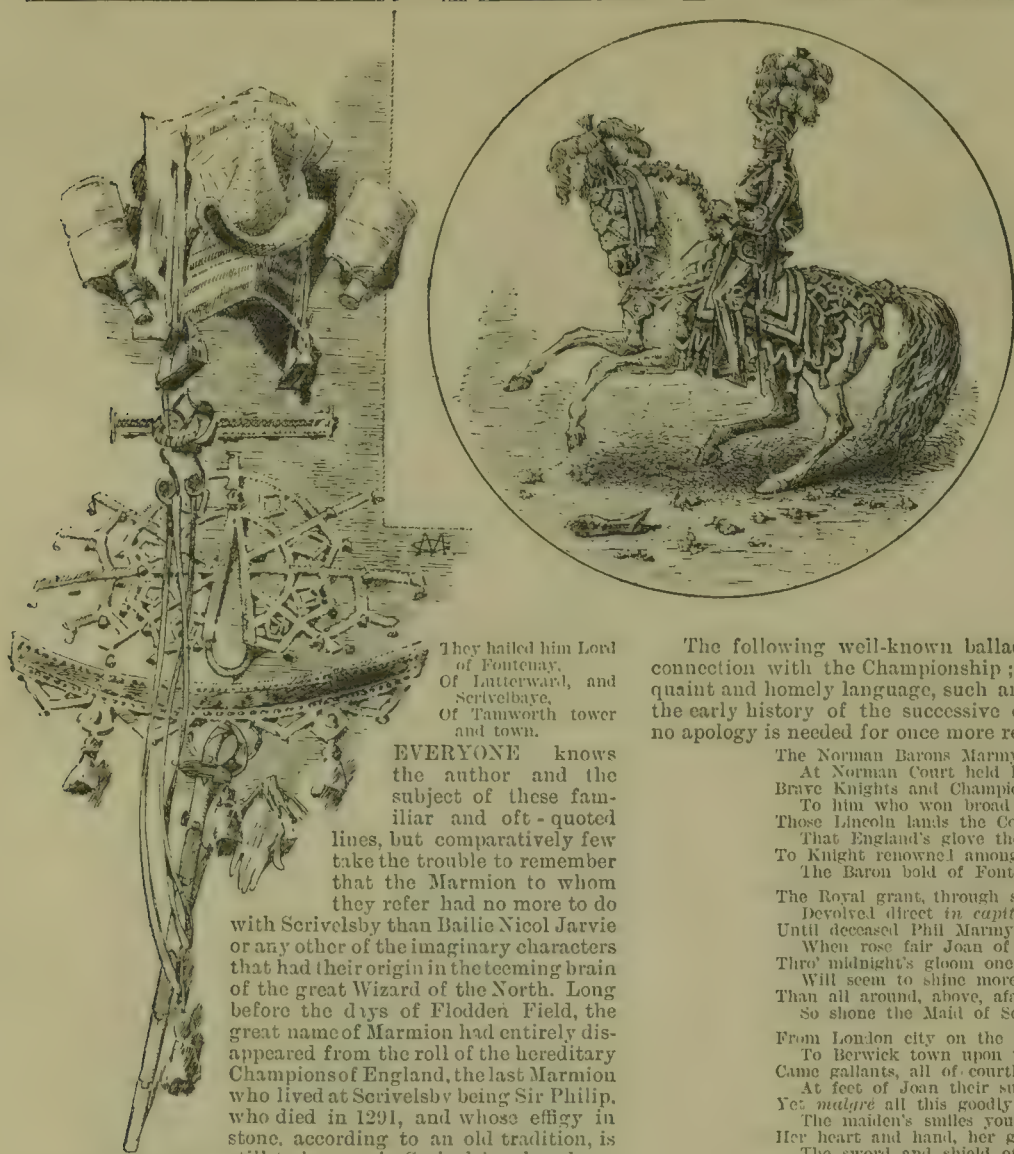
# ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XIV.

## Scrivelsby Court,

HOME OF THE DYMOKES,

HEREDITARY CHAMPIONS OF ENGLAND.



They hailed him Lord  
of Fontenay,  
Of Lutterward, and  
Scrivelbaye,  
Of Tamworth tower  
and town.

EVERYONE knows the author and the subject of these familiar and oft-quoted lines, but comparatively few take the trouble to remember that the Marmion to whom they refer had no more to do with Scrivelsby than Bailie Nicol Jarvie or any other of the imaginary characters that had their origin in the teeming brain of the great Wizard of the North. Long before the days of Flodden Field, the great name of Marmion had entirely disappeared from the roll of the hereditary Champions of England, the last Marmion who lived at Scrivelsby being Sir Philip, who died in 1291, and whose effigy in stone, according to an old tradition, is still to be seen in Scrivelsby church.

According to the generally received account, the Manor of Scrivelsby was given by William the Conqueror to his favourite Knight, Robert De Marmyon, who had accompanied him to England, and whose ancestors at Fontenoy had long performed the office of Champion to the Dukes of Normandy. A similar duty was now attached to the holder of the Manor of Scrivelsby, which was to be held by grand Serjeantry, to perform the office of Champion at the King's Coronation. The Championship has never since been formally detached from the ownership of Scrivelsby, although the ceremony was performed for the last time at the coronation of George IV., and although, as we shall presently see, an unsuccessful attempt was made in 1377 to transfer this particular duty to the Manor of Tamworth, which had also been assigned to Robert De Marmyon under apparently similar conditions.

The Marmions were a proud and powerful race, of vast possessions in money, and land situated in different parts of the country; but they only continued to hold Scrivelsby, in direct male succession, to the year 1291, when Philip De Marmyon, the last, but by no means the least distinguished, of a highly distinguished race, died without male issue, after having acquired great fame in the Baronial wars under Simon De Montfort, in the time of Henry III. As he was seised of estates, at the time of his death, in Warwickshire, Staffordshire, and Lincolnshire, his two surviving daughters shared between them their father's inheritance, Scrivelsby falling to Joan, the younger, who was only eight years old when her father died, and was subsequently married to Sir Thomas De Ludlow; while the elder sister, who was already married to Sir Alexander De Freville, succeeded to the more extensive estates of Tamworth. Brief, however, was the reign of the Ludlows at Scrivelsby, for, on the death, without male issue, of the grandson of Sir Philip De Marmyon, Margaret, the only child of the second Thomas De Ludlow, succeeded to the Scrivelsby estate, and was shortly afterwards married to a Knight of Gloucestershire, Sir John Dymoke—a name destined to live long in connection with the Manor of Scrivelsby and the Championship of the Sovereigns of Great Britain.

Upon the death of Edward III. in 1377, Sir John Dymoke claimed, on behalf of his wife, to act as Champion at the coronation of Richard II.: but Sir Baldwin De Freville put in a similar claim, as the lineal descendant of Sir Philip De Marmyon's eldest daughter, who had inherited the Tamworth estates. The Lord Steward of England held a solemn inquisition to investigate the claims of the rival petitioners; but as there was great room for doubt, the duties of the Championship being apparently attached to the tenure of both estates, the preponderance, however, of oral rather than of written testimony being in favour of the Scrivelsby claim, it was adjudged that for this particular occasion Sir John Dymoke, in right of his wife, should do the service at Richard's coronation, but without prejudice to any future claim that might be advanced by Sir Baldwin De Freville. A limit, however, and that a brief one, was assigned for advancing this claim, for it was decided that "if within three weeks after Hilary next, Sir Baldwin would come and show his reasons and evidences, he should have full justice, and if he did not do so he should be for ever excluded; and the said John should do the aforesaid service, in the right of his said wife, according to the tenor of the petition in that behalf." Sir Baldwin failed to make good his claim within the appointed time, and as Margaret was still living at the date of the next coronation, and enjoying by-the-way the reputation of being a lady of very resolute will and indomitable determination, she again claimed to perform the service of the Championship, in the person of her son, Sir Thomas Dymoke, who afterwards succeeded her. Again did a Sir Baldwin Freville, of Tamworth, the son of old Sir Baldwin, put in a counter claim, pleading that on the last occasion his father was prevented by sickness from producing his "reasons and evidences" within the stipulated time, and again was the claim of the Dymokes allowed for the occasion only, a stipulation being added that the case should not be considered finally settled if Sir Baldwin could, within a stated time, produce evidence of his father's alleged sickness. This Sir Baldwin either could not or did not do, and consequently to the Dymokes was adjudged the right of performing the feudal service of the Championship, which was now definitely attached to the ownership of Scrivelsby Manor.

The following well-known ballad has oft been quoted in connection with the Championship; but it gives, in its own quaint and homely language, such an accurate description of the early history of the successive owners of Scrivelsby that no apology is needed for once more reproducing it:—

The Norman Barons Marmyon  
At Norman Court held high degree:  
Brave Knights and Champions every one,  
To him who won broad Scrivelsby.  
Those Lincoln lands the Conqueror gave,  
That England's glove they should convey  
To Knight renowned amongst the brave,  
The Baron bold of Fonteney.

The Royal grant, through sire to son,  
Devolved direct in capite,  
Until deceased Phil Marmyon,  
When rose fair Joan of Scrivelsby.  
Thro' midnight's gloom one sparkling star  
Will seem to shine more brilliantly  
Than all around, above, afar:  
So shone the Maid of Scrivelsby.

From London city on the Thames,  
To Berwick town upon the Tweed,  
Came gallants, all of courtly names,  
At feet of Joan their suit to plead.  
Yet *malgré* all this goodly band,  
The maiden's smiles young Ludlow won,  
Her heart and hand, her grant and land,  
The sword and shield of Marmyon.

Out upon Time! the scurvy knave,  
Spiller of youth, hard-hearted churl,  
Fas't hurrying to one common grave,  
Goodwife and ladie, him and carl.  
Out upon Time!—since world began  
No Sabbath hath his greyhound limb,  
In coursing man, devoted man,  
To age and death—out, out on him!

In Lincoln's chancel, side by side,  
Their effigies from marble hewn,  
The *ant* written when they died,  
Repose De Ludlow and Dame Joan.

One daughter fair survived alone,  
One son deceased in infancy;  
De Ludlow and De Marmyon  
United thus in Margery.  
And she was woo'd as maids have been,  
And won as maids are sure to be,  
When gallant youths, in Lincoln green,  
Do suit, like Dymoke, fervently.

Sir John De Dymoke claim'd, of right,  
The Championship through Margery,  
And 'gainst Sir Baldwin Freville, Knight,  
Prevail'd as Lord of Scrivelsby.  
And ever since, when England's Kings  
Are clad in'd—no matter where—  
The Champion Dymoke boldly flings  
His glove, should treason venture there.

On gallant steed in armour bright,  
His vizor clos'd, and couched his lance,  
Proclaimeth he the Monarch's right  
To England, Ireland, Wales and France.  
Then bravely cry with Dymoke bold,  
"Long may the King triumphant reign!"  
And when fair hands the sceptre hold,  
More bravely still—"Long live the Queen!"

From 1370 to the present time, a Dymoke of Scrivelsby has always been available for performing the office of Champion at each successive coronation. It is generally supposed that at the conclusion of the ceremony it was the invariable custom to present a gold cup to the Champion; but as there are only seven of these cups now in the possession of the family, although it is highly probable that some have been lost or otherwise disposed of, it is still more probable that in earlier times a guerdon in money was given instead of the golden cup. However this may be, the following incident, in connection with these coronation cups, is an apt illustration of the old adage—*Homme propose, Dieu dispose*. By the last will of Mr. H. Lionel Dymoke, in 1875, all the cups in hand were bequeathed to the "reigning Sovereign;" but her Majesty, Queen Victoria, with that gracious consideration for others which is such a conspicuous feature in her character, conveyed them, by special gift, to her new Champion, the present owner of the estates and title. These cups, therefore, instead of being at Windsor and in danger of losing their individuality amidst the other contents of the Royal plate-closet, are now, through the thoughtful liberality of the Queen, to be seen once more in their natural home at Scrivelsby, where, amongst other records, they serve to keep up the continuity of the family history by exhibiting, in material shape, one of the most interesting and characteristic distinctions of the House of Dymoke.

The name of "Dymoke," as might have been expected, was usually found on the roll of Sheriffs, and occasionally some member of the family has represented the county in Parliament. Most of the Champions have led peaceful and uneventful lives; but, as was almost sure to happen in the turbulent period of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, a member of this family is found, from time to time, taking a prominent part in the political disturbances of the time, and once, at least, a Champion was beheaded. This fate befel Sir Thomas Dymoke, who had sided with the Lancastrians in the Wars of the Roses, and was, under somewhat harsh circumstances, put to death by Edward IV. in 1471. Another Dymoke was Sheriff of Lincolnshire, in his father's lifetime, at the rising in the North, which afterwards expanded into the "Pilgrimage of Grace," under Robert Aske, and took an active part on the side of the insurrectionists, much to the indignation and disgust of the King, who vented his spleen against the commons of Lincolnshire in a highly offensive, but characteristic fashion. "How presumptuous," said the irate Monarch, forgetting his good manners in the unseemly expression of his wrath, "How presumptuous are ye, the rude commons of one shire, and that one of the most brute and beastly of the whole realm, and of

least experience, to take upon you, contrary to God's law and man's law, to rule your Prince whom ye are bound to obey and serve, and for no worldly cause to withstand." Luckily for our Sheriff, a general amnesty was shortly afterwards proclaimed, so that he escaped with his head, which, considering the temper of Henry VIII. at the time, must have been in considerable peril. This same Dymoke, who afterwards became Champion, and acted as such at the coronation of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, was present at the barbarous murder of the Chancellor of the Bishop of Lincoln on Roughton-heath, near Horncastle, in 1536, and he even distributed the clothing and the money taken from the murdered man amongst the rabble who had committed the murder.

The recent history of the family is interesting and remarkable. In the year 1875 Henry Lionel Dymoke died without issue; and an end, to all appearance, had at last come to the family of the Champion Dymokes. But even in this, which seemed to be the darkest hour of the Dymoke family, the true light was all the while unmistakeably shining in the immediate neighbourhood, though somewhat obscured by extraneous surroundings. At the village of Tetford, near Horncastle, a Dymoke was living, around whom had always centred a tradition that in his person was represented the descendant of an elder branch of the family, with even stronger hereditary claims to the Championship than were to be found in the line which for more than three generations had inherited the family honours at Scrivelsby. The old entail, however, had long been broken off; and the Tetford Dymokes had no more chance of establishing a legal claim to the succession at Scrivelsby than any other of her Majesty's subjects. And yet, in spite of all probability, the hereditary claim was acknowledged, and the succession of the Tetford branch was secured, by one of those unexpected turns of Fortune's wheel which serves from time to time to break the dull monotony of ordinary life, and to give an additional zest to the interest which is so generally taken in the vicissitudes of our chief county families. When, after the death of Mr. H. Lionel Dymoke, in 1875, his last will was opened, it was found that the Scrivelsby estate was bequeathed after the death of the widow of the deceased Champion, not, indeed, to the Tetford Dymoke by special designation, but to "the heir-at-law of John Dymoke, who had died at Tetford in the year 1782." No one—not even the testator himself—doubted that the Dymoke resident at the time at Tetford was the lineal descendant of the Dymoke named in the will; but it would seem as if the dying Champion wished in this emphatic manner to signify his intention not so much to benefit the individual as to redress a supposed wrong which had been done to the elder branch of the family about a hundred years ago. In accordance, however, with the provisions of the will, Mr. Francis S. Dymoke, of Tetford, in 1884 succeeded in establishing his title to the Lordship of Scrivelsby, though not without much trouble and expense. It might not seem a very difficult matter for a gentleman to prove that he was the lineal descendant of his great-grandfather, especially when, as in



ENTRANCE TO THE PARK.



this case, he was himself a landed proprietor, and had inherited property which had come to him by direct succession from his grandfather and great-grandfather. But a hundred years ago, registers were carelessly kept—never perhaps more so than at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century—and members of the Tetford branch of the Dymoke family had an inconvenient habit of dying abroad, without leaving any distinct trace behind them. At last, however, every missing member was duly accounted for, every necessary document was produced, and the Court of Chancery announced with all solemnity that Mr. Francis Scaman Dymoke fully answered the description in Henry Lionel's will, and that he was consequently entitled to take possession of the Scrivelsby Manor as the heir-at-law of the John Dymoke who died and was buried at Scrivelsby in the year 1782.

To understand aright this testamentary disposition, it will be necessary to go back to the year 1760, when the Hon. Lewis Dymoke died a bachelor, at the ripe age of ninety-one, after having officiated as Champion at the Coronation of George I. and George II., and having lived to the year when George III. came to the throne, but not to the year of his coronation, which did not take place before 1761. This Lewis Dymoke, whose monument is a striking object in Scrivelsby church, seems to have outlived all his natural heirs, and striving, we may well believe, to act fairly by his kinsfolk, he instituted an inquiry into the respective claims of the various members of the family; but presently, losing himself in the bewildering mazes of remote cousinhood, he bequeathed the Scrivelsby estates to Edward, the grandson of John Dymoke, the third son of Sir Edward, who died in 1664, whereas a descendant of Edward Dymoke, the second son of the same Sir Edward, was then living at Tetford, in the person of John Dymoke, the very man to whose heir-at-law the Scrivelsby Manor was bequeathed by Henry Lionel in 1875. Edward Dymoke, however, who at the time was engaged in business in London, succeeded to the Championship on the death of Lewis, in February, 1760, and, dying himself in September of the same year, he was succeeded by his son, John, who acted as Champion at the coronation of George III. Thus, after the protracted life and Championship of the nonagenarian Lewis, no less than three Champions appeared on the scene in the single year 1760. This John Dymoke was followed in succession by his two sons—Lewis, who died a bachelor in 1820, and the Rev. John, who was Champion at the time when George IV. was crowned; but who, being in holy orders, was represented on the occasion by his son Henry, afterwards well known as Sir Henry Dymoke, who, succeeding his father in 1828, died, without male issue, in 1865, and was succeeded by his brother, John, also in holy orders, whose only son, Henry Lionel, bequeathed



THE CHURCH.

the family estates, as above mentioned, to the present proprietor.

The coronation of George IV. was the last occasion when the ceremony of the Championship was performed. Most people have read the account of this ceremony as given by Sir Walter Scott, but it may be worth while to repeat it here. The service was, "on the day of coronation, to ride, completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any who would gainsay the King's title. At the coronation of George IV. the duty of Champion was performed (as of right) by young Dymoke, a fine-looking youth, but bearing, perhaps, a little too much the appearance of a maiden Knight to be the challenger of the world in the King's behalf. He threw down the gauntlet, however, with becoming manhood, and showed as much horsemanship as the crowd of knights and squires around him would permit to be exhibited. On the whole, this striking part of the exhibition somewhat disappointed me, for I would have had the Champion less embarrassed by his assistants, and at liberty to put his horse on the *grand pas*; and yet the young Lord of Scrivelsby looked and behaved extremely well."

The county of Lincoln does not challenge comparison with such counties as Derbyshire, Kent, or Devon for romantic views or mountain scenery; but it has its own special charms and attractions for those who are strong enough to enjoy the bracing air, and sufficiently appreciative of the beauties of Nature to revel in the glorious sunsets and the wide prospects which can only be seen to advantage in a comparatively flat country.

Indeed, we have heard of a bold assertion made by an enthusiastic native that Lincolnshire is the healthiest county in England, and his own particular village the most charming village in Lincolnshire. That village must surely have been Scrivelsby, for, though on a small scale, it is a very oasis in a somewhat uninteresting neighbourhood. It is well wooded, and the park, which is abundantly studded with deer, is so ingeniously laid out as to give the appearance of being much larger than it really is; and we can easily understand the tradition that comes down to us from old coaching days—that the drive through Scrivelsby was looked forward to as a special treat, and that many a weary traveller has oftentimes been refreshed by the sight of the charming glades and beautiful timber which still attract everyone who has the capacity for enjoying tranquil sylvan scenery.

Scrivelsby Court is a mansion of the Tudor order of architecture, not very large or imposing in appearance, but prettily situated, and quite sufficient for the ordinary requirements of a country gentleman. It has more than once suffered from fire, and the consequent repairs and rebuildings give it an irregular appearance. Part of the house is very old, and part comparatively modern, the greater portion consisting of the house that was built after the great fire that occurred towards the end of the last century. It is much to be regretted that on that occasion one of the special features of the residence of

the old Champions was entirely consumed. This was a large hall, ornamented with panels, each one of which had its own special tale to tell of the former glories of the house. In these panels could be traced, we are told, in heraldic emblazonment the various arms and alliances of the family, and great and ir retrievable was the loss to the antiquary by the destruction of this series of historical representations. A few years ago might be seen in the corridor leading to the principal apartments a series of figures in complete armour, supposed to represent the different Champions that had taken part in successive coronations. Some of these coats of armour were of great value, being plentifully embellished with gold and ornamental devices of exquisite workmanship; but these, unhappily, have entirely disappeared, and their place is now occupied by one or two figures in armour of no great value or interest.

The Armoury, one of the most characteristic features of Scrivelsby Court, stands at the right hand of the principal entrance, and bristles with warlike implements of every kind. Here are to be seen, on a small scale, all the paraphernalia of a mediæval knight, horse accoutrements in every variety, richly-embroidered saddles and tasselled bridles, stirrups and bits with pendant ornaments, trappings and frontlets for the steed with greaves and gauntlets for the rider, massive swords for the battle-field and dainty little swords for the drawing-room, pikes and halberds and lances of every size and description, the ponderous mace to stun the foe and the light dagger to give him the *coup de grace*, swinging instruments for crushing at a distance and sharp poignards for use at close quarters, bucklers and breastplates and cuirasses—the whole array constituting an apparatus sufficiently extensive to satisfy the personal requirements of the most bellicose warrior of ancient times, while it forms a very remarkable contrast to the weapons in use at the present day. There is also a leathern flagon or black-jack of huge capacity, which, when filled with beer or wine, no Champion, however stalwart, could easily raise to his lips, and which no thirsty soul, however anxious to distinguish himself, could possibly empty at a draught, even after the heavy fatigue of a coronation day in Westminster Hall!

A few family portraits by old masters, and of different degrees of excellence, are to be seen in the dining-room, where is also a life-size portrait of young Henry Dymoke, as he appeared at Westminster in 1828, mounted on his charger, fully armed and accounted for the bloodless duties of the Championship, which, as the representative of his father, he performed at the coronation of George IV.

The village of Scrivelsby is situated some two miles and a half from Horncastle, the central town of Lincolnshire, and famous all the world over for its great horse-fair. Taking the Southern-road—the old coach road to Boston and London—we reach Scrivelsby by a gentle rise, which, though in the parish of Horncastle, is generally called "Scrivelsby Hill." As we pass the boundary line which separates Scrivelsby from Horncastle we are at once conscious of passing into a different atmosphere, and into different surroundings. No longer a bare prospect, with only an occasional tree to relieve the monotony of the view, but a sudden plunge into small copses at the extreme edge of a deer park, a distant sight of pleasant coverts giving hopes of abundance of game, the cheery appearance of a cock pheasant hurrying across the road to join his mates on the other side, an occasional hare or two, and, as we go forward, troops of rabbits scampering to their burrows at the roots of many an aged tree, all betoken the approach to a gentleman's seat. As we reach the park itself, and catch sight of the deer scudding away at the sound of approaching wheels, we pause a moment to admire the view, and to take stock of the beautiful timber. A few steps bring us to the gardener's ivy-clad cottage, and to the chief entrance to Scrivelsby Court, up a slight winding incline, hemmed in close with trees on either side, forming a natural archway overhead, and affording a subject for a telling sketch, which at different times has been taken by many an artist and amateur. Here, at the entrance to the park, a little to the left, and facing the road leading to the Rectory, stands the famous Lion Gate, so-called from the lion which stands on a stone archway, which is covered with ivy, and gives abundant evidence of old age. The careful observer will not fail to notice on the right-hand side of the arch a rude, but curious, cutting, giving a rough delineation of the etymology of the name of Dymoke. An oak-tree is plainly visible, the stem of which divides into two equal portions the letters R D Y M O K, which in all probability may be taken to signify that the arch was built by Sir Robert Dymoke, who was Champion at the coronations of Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII., and that the name of Dymoke is derived from an oak-tree. To this derivation agrees the description which is found in ancient charters of the family name, which is represented as *Dimoak*, *de umbrosa quercu*, Dimok, Dimmock, and so on through various changes to Demok, Dimock, Dymok, till we come at last to Dymoke, which is now, and has been for a long time, the descriptive title of this ancient family. It has sometimes been gravely asserted that the punning motto of the house, *Pro rege dimico*, contains the germ from which the family name is derived; but it is evident that the name was cleverly adapted to give point to the motto, not that the motto suggested the name. The Dymokes can trace their history further back than to their connection with Scrivelsby and the Championship. They came originally from Gloucestershire; but by the marriage of Sir John Dymoke to Margaret Ludlow, in the fourteenth century, the name of the original Champions, Marmyon and Ludlow, disappears, and is merged in that of Dymoke, which "holds the field" to the present day.



SOME OF THE CORONATION CUPS.



THE GARDENER'S HOUSE IN THE PARK.

Scrivelsby church is a rather disappointing building. It stands in an unusually large churchyard of nearly two acres, and is very prettily situated, but it has no pretensions to architectural beauty, and until quite a recent period it had no spire to relieve the appearance, which it used to present, of a long nave attached to a steep-roofed chancel. In the year 1860, however, the Champion of the time, Sir Henry Dymoke, who was always foremost in every good work, took advantage of a general restoration which was being carried out by the parishioners, to erect a spire, which is exactly identical with the spire of the neighbouring church at Wood Enderby, which was built at the same time, and at the sole charge of Sir Henry Dymoke. The interior of Scrivelsby church has been fitted up with new woodwork, in the time of the present Rector, and though the building is, apparently, too large for the scanty population, it is well adapted for the orderly and reverent celebration of Divine service. A handsome screen separates the chancel from the nave, and just without the screen on the north side is a tomb, with a beautifully-preserved brass plate, which bears the following inscription:—

Here lieth the Body of sir Robert Dymoke of Scrivelsby knight baronet who departed out of this present lyfe the xv day of April in ye yere of our lord god mldrb upon whose soule almightie god have m'ci Amen.

This inscription is remarkable as describing the Champion, who died in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by the title of *Baronet*, a title which, as every schoolboy knows, was first introduced into England by King James I. The probable explanation is that the tomb was not erected till many years after Sir Robert's death, and that the sculptor, who was becoming familiar with the new title of Baronet, substituted that word for *Banneret*, the word which was probably contained in the instructions given to him by some member of the Dymoke family. The church also contains two recumbent effigies in stone, on raised platforms, representing a knight in chain-armour of the thirteenth century, and his dame, with the wimple on her head and the favourite dog at her feet, which, as has been mentioned above, are supposed to be the figures of Sir Philip Marmyon and his wife, who were the last of the Marmyons who lived at Scrivelsby. In different parts of the church may be seen the marble monument to old Lewis Dymoke, and mural tablets to the Hon. John and his two sons, Lewis and the Rev. John Dymoke the elder, both of whom succeeded to the Championship. There is also a tablet to the memory of Sir Henry Dymoke, who died in 1865, and over whose grave in the adjoining churchyard has been erected a handsome canopied marble monument which bears a suitable inscription to the memory of himself and also of his dame, who died in London and was buried at Scrivelsby in the year 1884. A memorial window to the same lady, in rich painted glass, has been recently placed in Scrivelsby church by Captain Hartwell and his wife, who was the only child of the late Sir Henry and Lady Dymoke. Outside the church, at its north-western extremity, is a handsome and conspicuous churchyard cross to the memory of Henry Lionel Dymoke, the last of that branch of the family which for little more than half a century enjoyed the Scrivelsby inheritance. Near this cross is a stone recording the death and interment at Paris, together with the re-interment at Scrivelsby after an interval of five years, of Mary Anne, widow of the Hon. and Rev. John Dymoke, the younger, who was Champion from the time of his brother Henry's death, in 1865, to his own death, in 1873, when he was succeeded by his son Henry Lionel, who only survived his father for the short space of two years.

In concluding this brief account of the interesting associations which cluster thick around the historical records of Scrivelsby Court, it is impossible to forebear a passing sigh of regret at the discontinuance of the ancient ceremony of the Championship at the coronation of our Kings and Queens, which, though possibly unsuited to this present and utilitarian age, was, at least, a connecting link with our past history, and was not without its own special interest to the lovers of tranquil and orderly government. But although the appearance of an armed Champion in Westminster Hall may be no longer necessary to symbolise the readiness of a loyal people to rally round the Sovereign in the hour of need, the rôle of the Champion Dymokes is, happily, not yet played out. There are other and more peaceful duties besides these connected with the Championship—duties which are inseparable from the position of a country gentleman, resident on an estate which has been in the occupation of his ancestors for more than 500 years. And now that this ancient family is beginning a new chapter in its eventful history, we may be permitted to echo the general wish that, like the sapling from which it takes its name, it may strike deep its roots, and crown with many a well-earned wreath in years to come the bearers of the time-honoured title—the Champion Dymokes of Scrivelsby.

SAMUEL LEECH.





SCRIVELSBY COURT, THE HOME OF THE DYMOKES, HEREDITARY CHAMPIONS OF ENGLAND.



## NEW BOOKS.

*The Fighting Veres.* Lives of Sir Francis Vere and Sir Horace Vere, Lord Vere of Tilbury. By Clements R. Markham, C.B. (Sampson Low and Co.).—The tercentenary commemoration of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, which was the turning-point of English intervention to aid the people of the Netherlands in their heroic struggle for freedom, gives a special interest to this valuable historical work. The author has long since gained public esteem by his labours as secretary to the Hakluyt Society and to the Royal Geographical Society, by his learned researches, his personal surveys, and his share in different explorations in the Arctic Regions, in South America, in India, and in Abyssinia, and by literary productions of an instructive kind. He is intimately conversant with the naval and military history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and has made diligent study of local antiquities and biographical documents concerning the worthy Englishmen whose deeds are recorded in this volume. Its title, though sufficiently promising of tales of warlike adventure, does not, we think, at all do justice to its real importance as a contribution to general history. The lack of a full and accurate narrative, in English, of the actions of our countrymen, during more than half-a-century, in the great conflict for political and religious liberty on the shores of Holland and Flanders, and in Brabant and Gelderland, has often been felt. Neither Mr. Motley nor Mr. Froude has supplied this deficiency; Mr. Froude's history of the reign of Elizabeth tells us very little, and with extraordinary mistakes, of the incidents that took place in the Netherlands from 1585 to 1589, beyond which date it is silent. We are much indebted, therefore, to Mr. Clements Markham for supplying, in the guise of mere biographical memoirs, a very complete and comprehensive special account of this memorable series of transactions, which redound to the honour of the English nation. Of the two distinguished brothers, Francis Vere, born about 1560, and Horace Vere, born in 1565, grandsons of the Vere who was fifteenth Earl of Oxford, at one of the family residences near Colchester, the first joined the military force under the Earl of Leicester, sent to aid the Dutch at the end of 1585, and was from August, 1589, when Lord Willoughby, the successor to Leicester, had retired, actually in command of the English troops. Sir Francis Vere was chiefly employed in that service until 1606, with the exception of sharing in the expeditions of the Earl of Essex to Cadiz, in 1596, and next year to the Azores. Horace Vere, who began serving under his brother in 1590, remained in the Netherlands, performing brave actions and holding important offices, till 1619; he commanded the English troops in the Palatinate during three or four years, and in 1621 was again in Holland, making a skilful but unsuccessful effort to relieve the besieged garrison of Breda. Nearly forty years of English action in "the Low Countries" will thus be found comprised in their united biography; and it is not so much for the personal interest of the career of these "Fighting Veres," as for the popular and national character of the cause in which they fought, that we care to learn how it was conducted. Queen Elizabeth herself deserves no praise whatever for the help willingly given by her subjects, mostly volunteers serving at their private cost, to the oppressed Dutch and Flemings. She was neither a true Protestant, or at all friendly to the rights of conscience, nor was she favourably disposed to claims of civil freedom; but she complied with an irresistible movement of public opinion, while often dealing perfidiously with those whom she pretended to assist. Before the execution of Mary Stuart, Elizabeth secretly betrayed the Flemings. The whole war against Spanish tyranny and Popish persecution was never so much the Queen's war as the English people's war. Mr. Markham's suggestion, that it had the effect of originating, at least of developing, those ideas and sentiments to which are owing the English Revolution of the seventeenth century, the progress of constitutional liberty in this country, and the rise of the United States of America, does not appear to us much overstrained. They were English and Dutch ideas, in the Elizabethan period, but were not Elizabeth's ideas, and she would rather have extinguished them if she could. As for her favourite, Leicester, a personage grossly maligned by romance, and not guilty of the heinous crimes imputed to him, we believe, with Mr. Markham, that he was zealous, like his nephew, Sir Philip Sidney, who repelled the calumnies against him, in his devotion to the Protestant cause. The misconducted action of Zutphen, in which Sidney lost his life, was just such a military blunder as that of Balaklava in the Crimea. Leicester was not a skilful general, but he did his best with his moderate ability; and his successor, Lord Willoughby, whom Mr. Froude ignores, did excellent service. Though Mr. Markham refrains from exposing Mr. Froude's careless superficiality, it is worth while, for instance, to compare the correct and minute account of the defence of Bergen-op-Zoom, and the stratagem by which the Spaniards were defeated there, with the slighting mention of it by Mr. Froude, who speaks of a "Colonel Grimstone" as being in command when the Duke of Parma was deceived by allowing him to approach the North Fort, relying on the pretended consent of some officers to let him in. The fact is that Grimstone was an obscure underling of no rank, who had detected the offers of treachery, and that Lord Willoughby, in personal command of the garrison, aided by Francis Vere, adroitly took advantage of them, inflicting a severe repulse on the enemy. Mr. Froude is seldom to be relied upon for the truth respecting military actions, and his statements of diplomatic and political negotiations are coloured to suit his partial views. We find much ground, on the contrary, to trust Mr. Markham, whose very instructive book, containing precise details of every notable incident, an exact topographical and picturesque description of every notable place, with abundance of good maps and plans, and a particular account of the organisation, equipment, and methods of operation of the Spanish army, will supersede all other English historical writings on this subject. It is a narrative of great interest, temperately and clearly related with a justifiable modest pride in English valour; and we should like, if our space permitted, to follow it through many campaigns and sieges, from Flushing, Sluys, and Bergen-op-Zoom, to Breda, to the Westphalian frontier, to Gertruydenberg and to Groningen, to the Bommel-waart, to Nieuport and Ostend, and to Bois-le-Duc and Maestricht in 1632, where "the Fighting Veres," with hundreds of gallant English volunteers, fought again and again for the rights of free nations and for religious liberty. The independence of the Netherlands has ever been regarded as essential to the safety of England; and, if the neutrality of Belgium or Holland were hereafter invaded by any great Continental Power, we earnestly trust that our countrymen, who defended those lands against Philip II., against Louis XIV., and against Napoleon, would once more rise to the emergency, however indifferent they may be to any other territorial changes in Europe.

*The Prima Donna: Her History and Surroundings from the Seventeenth to the Nineteenth Century.* By H. Sutherland Edwards. Two vols. (Remington and Co.).—A well-chosen collection of anecdotes and testimonies concerning the famous and charming persons who have won public favour as female

performers of dramatic music cannot fail to be entertaining. Mr. Sutherland Edwards, as a learned and experienced musical critic and a skilful compiler of anecdotal literature, was excellently qualified for this task; and his recent work has an especial interest just now, in view of the uncertain prospects of Italian Opera. In the progress of the fine arts, one may say, the only notable advance of modern times, besides landscape-painting, has been the combination of elaborate singing with stage acting. The female sex have gained more celebrity than male singers, through the superior flexibility of voice, which, in some cases, for instance in that of Madame Catalani, has vied with the utmost effects of single instrumentation. At the same time, though mere prettiness is no special qualification for an actress striving at powerful expression, a graceful womanly figure, with a face capable of representing the passions, is a needful agent to produce the romantic and emotional effects of the lyrical drama. Women successful in this line of art must be endowed with physical vigour, but can dispense with the gift of regular beauty, and are not, by any necessary demand of their work, highly intellectual women. Their lives are nevertheless apt to be interesting, while it is but just to say of them, as a class, that, considering the temptations of celebrity, their private characters, in a long list, bear comparison with those of most other ladies living within reach of luxury and fashion. This is certainly true of some who have attained the highest eminence; and the "chronique scandaleuse," relating to a few less important artists who were in vogue on account of their feminine attractiveness, and two or three of whom finally married Englishmen of rank, is but very little touched in these volumes. The besetting sins of the prima donna were rather, in the last century, a furious jealousy of her professional rivals; and, in later times, a pecuniary greediness for which her vast opportunities might afford sufficient excuse. But it is disagreeable to dwell on the faults of persons who have given so much pleasure to mankind, and several of whom, in our own day, have been esteemed for their generosity, amiability, and domestic virtues, as well as for their good sense and discretion. We of this generation can take up Mr. Sutherland Edwards' gallery of first-rate opera-singers, in the middle of his first volume, with almost contemporary interest, having perhaps heard our parents speak of their hearing Catalani, who sang in London or Dublin so lately as 1828. The visit here, soon afterwards, of the great composer Rossini, with his wife, who had been Mademoiselle Colbran, a native of Spain, and a fine interpreter of his music, was an event to be remembered. Madame Pasta, till her retirement in 1839; Fräulein Sontag (Countess Rossi), who died in 1854, having returned to the stage after eighteen years' retirement; and Madame Malibran, whose husband was the Belgian violinist, De Beriot, and whose career was unhappily stopped by an untimely death in 1836, were admired by our elders. Their personal characters, and the incidents of their history, as well as their noble gifts of song and of telling expression, merit the place here allotted to them. Sontag, the wonder and the darling of Germany, and Malibran (born Marietta Garcia), whose versatile cleverness and delightful vivacity, shown in various ways among her private acquaintance, are described by Moscheles in delightful passages of his journal, are singularly attractive subjects. But there is a yet stronger interest, to our mind, in the life of Grisi and Mario, a happily wedded couple who, for nearly thirty years, mutually aided each other's studies and performances, in beautiful companionship, and of whose true-hearted frankness and kindness, the warmth of their family affections, and their simple tastes and habits at home, this book gives a very pleasing account. The great era of Italian opera is past; those compositions of Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, and Verdi, which once had power to stir the sympathetic imagination, as well as to gratify the senses, beyond all other entertainments, may hereafter be cast aside; but no one who ever heard Grisi in "Norma," or the prison duet in "Il Trovatore," sung by Grisi and Mario, can lose the impression of that dramatic music. Of their genial manners, and of their pure and refined enjoyments in private life, we learn a good deal from Mr. Willert Beale, and from Mrs. Godfrey Pearce, one of the daughters of Madame Grisi and Signor Mario, in some notes supplied by them to Mr. Sutherland Edwards. His second volume begins with a short memoir of Jenny Lind, the late Madame Goldschmidt, whose career on the opera stage was indeed very brief, and who soon relinquished even singing at public concerts; but whose exquisite natural gifts of voice, feeling, and artistic capacity have scarcely been excelled, and whose sweetness of nature made her the object of enthusiastic popular affection forty years ago. Madame Besio, removed from an admiring world, like Malibran, by an early death, occupies the next chapter; in which also the author, who was at Moscow in 1856, at the coronation of Alexander II., minutely describes Glinka's celebrated Russian national opera, "Life for the Czar." The successor to Grisi, as we may consider Titiens was, seems to have had no adequate successor in the classic characters of grand Italian opera; and Mr. Sutherland Edwards has not, apparently, a very sanguine hope of its restoration to its former importance. In the remaining chapters of his work, as might be anticipated, the principal figures are those of Adelina Patti, Pauline Lucca, and Christine Nilsson, three distinguished contemporaries whose success has been most conspicuous; and Madame Albani, the wife of Mr. Ernest Gye, a lady of French Canadian birth, whose original name was Lajeunesse. Her most remarkable performances in England being associated with Wagner's compositions, we have some critical and historical notice of these in the chapter devoted to Madame Albani. Public interest being still fresh and lively, at the present day, in what regards Madame Patti and Madame Nilsson, we need only refer to Mr. Sutherland Edwards as a competent recorder of matters within the recollection of all who care for the opera, and for its leading performers of recent date. Many other ladies of some note are disposed of by him in "A Flight of Prime Donne"; and his candid remarks on their position, and on the management of London opera theatres, are worthy of due attention. It would seem that the "prima donna," by her inordinate demands, has killed and devoured the opera as a remunerative enterprise, and as a satisfactory artistic representation of grand works. Paying one lady at the rate of £500 a night makes it impossible to employ good singers and actors in the accompanying parts; and there is an end of dramatic combination.

## POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

JULY 28, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Three-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Three-pence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Four-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*. Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Very Irish is much of the management of the Irish Exhibition. The grounds are, up to this moment, in a state of squalid-looking dirt and disorder, the grand stand is yet in process of building, and the special attractions—feats of horsemanship and the like—can hardly be presentable till the time comes for the whole affair to end. The Fancy Fair held there from July 17 to 20 was, however, quite properly prepared—no doubt because a committee of ladies managed it! All drawbacks arose from the narrow and dark condition of the wood and cardboard structure called the "Irish Village-street," in which the fancy fair was held. The pushing was the most appalling that I ever experienced at such an event, and the darkness of the stalls, necessitating artificial light, raised the temperature so high that really the ladies who remained there for hours displayed downright heroism. A great many titled women gave their services as sellers; the object being to recoup the expenses of bringing to the Exhibition for sale the work of Irish peasant women. There were ten stalls, covered with the usual fancy goods, and a special display of Irish products.

Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, opened the fair. Her Royal Highness, of course, wore black; her gown being of plain and moiré silk stripes, and her bonnet of tulle with feather aigrette. To the general regret, the pretty, bright Princess Victoria Mary was absent from the scene, but there were dozens of lovely maidens helping their mammas or friends at most of the stalls; nearly all the girls were dressed in white muslin or lace with sashes of various colours. Foulard dresses were most popular with the married ladies, and, indeed, no material can make better fête-gowns, elegant, simple, and uncrushable all at once.

Amongst the group of patronesses awaiting the arrival of the Princess at the door of Olympia, Lady Aberdeen, with her three sweet little children, attracted great attention. The ex-Vicereine of Ireland wore a gown of white Irish poplin, made with a round body, and a narrow belt and hanging reticule of green poplin. Limerick lace formed a short drapery at the top of the tablier; Irish moss composed the foundation and the coronet of the bonnet, the green ribbon strings of which were fixed by three little shamrock brooches of Irish spar, while a necklace of shamrocks in the green Connemara marble finished a costume carefully and kindly thought out to compliment the country concerned. The little Lord Haddo and his tiny brother were dressed like Irish peasants, in grey frieze coat and knee-breeches and green knitted stockings, the get-up being carried out even to the extent of a short pipe and a few half-burnt matches stuck in the hat-band of the soft low round cap; while small Lady Marge Hamilton-Gordon, a pretty child of eight, had on a blue check cotton peasant's gown turned up over a green frieze petticoat. There was a very charming gracious intention in all this, and Lady Aberdeen can lack only one qualification for being an acceptable Vicereine to the Irish—that she is not Irish, but Scotch. Another ex-Viceroy's wife there was Countess Spencer, in black silk, with a grey net bonnet embroidered in steel beads and trimmed with grey ribbon. The reigning Vice-Queen, the Marchioness of Londonderry, was one of the chief ornaments of the occasion, her vivacious and airy style making her a model mistress of the flower-stall, where susceptible gentlemen from the wilds of the provinces gladly paid her a shilling each for her roses provided she placed the flowers in their buttonholes. Lady Londonderry looked charming in a foulard dress with a white ground and a pattern of blue wheat-ears over it, and a love of a bonnet in white tulle, trimmed up the back and high in front with white "traveller's joy" or wild jessamine and white moiré ribbon.

Lady Salisbury, in black-striped foulé, with a triangular vest of black moiré back and front and jet epaulettes, also sold at the flower-stall. The Duchess of Manchester was there also, wearing a superb white poplin dress, trimmed gold passementerie. Countess Delawarr, in a pretty gown of transparent lace and heliotrope silk ribbon alternate stripes, sold books and photographs. The Countess of Caledon, wearing white Ottoman silk with a full waistcoat of pleated muslin and white lace and moiré ribbon bonnet, was with Lady Leitrim at a fancy stall. Lady Fanny Fitzwygram had a tan-coloured foulard, prettily embroidered with many-coloured silks and panelled with brown velvet. The Countess of Kilmorey's gown was black and white check foulard with a full and folded white silk front, and a black chip bonnet with white feathers. The Marchioness of Waterford, tall and beautiful, wore white mousseline-de-soie, with tablier of embroidered lisse and a full vest of the same gathered at the bottom; green and gold straw bonnet trimmed with green ribbon bows and narcissi. Lady Jane Tylour wore black frisé velvet. Lady Charles Beresford had a smart trimming of gold passementerie on a black dress. The Dowager Lady Westbury was in a black and white foulard, with a white vest. Mrs. J. S. Wood was with "the greatest of the great ladies" at the flower-stall, and looked as nice as anybody, in a heliotrope foulard dress and big-brimmed Leghorn hat; while Mrs. Oscar Wilde had an Empire dress of black silk and lace, with sash high up under the arms. Mrs. Gladstone, at Lady Aberdeen's stall, looked extraordinary with a big square of white Irish point reaching to near the bottom of her black gown.

Everybody who has followed through its course the case of the Indian child-wife, Rukmabhai, who was married in her earliest infancy and refused to fulfil the contract when she came to years of discretion, will be glad to hear the final result. The English court of law, before which the case first came, ordered Rukmabhai to go to live with her husband, and sentenced her to six months' imprisonment in case of her refusal to obey the order. She would not, of course, have been freed from the order by the punishment, but might have been sent to prison again and again till she consented to submit to receive as her husband the man to whom she had so great an aversion, and to whom she had been united in her helpless infancy. I pointed out, when this judgment was given, that it was iniquitous for our courts of law, our prisons, and our police to be used in this way to fix the yoke of a cruel custom on our Indian sisters. It may not be possible for England to take a decisive step and prohibit baby marriage, though such interference with native evil customs was successfully ventured upon in the case of Suttee. When the priests sent a message to Lord W. Bentinck that their law and religion compelled them to burn widows alive, the robust Governor replied that if they did so English law and English religion would have them one and all hanged; and that put an end to Suttee. If this much cannot be done with regard to child marriage, at the very least the English law should not sanction it and compel by its force the Hindoo women to submit to the practice. This, most happily, is the view taken by the Supreme Court of Appeal. Infant marriages are not declared illegal, but English courts and prisons will never be used to enforce their claims. At the same time, an important meeting of great Indian Princes has just been held, and has declared that no girl shall be married till she is twelve years of age. If this be generally adopted, the sorrows of Indian womanhood will be greatly diminished.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



## MUSIC.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

As previously stated, the fortnight's extra performances at this establishment terminated on July 21. Since the production of Verdi's "Aida" (already noticed), the proceedings have included Boito's "Mefistofele," which, like "Aida," was given but once this season. The production of the last-named work could, owing to pressure on space, only be noticed now. The libretto, as well as the music, is the work of Signor Arrigo Boito, who resembles, in the combination of the poet with the composer, the late Richard Wagner, whose later music has undoubtedly influenced the style of the living Italian master. "Mefistofele" was originally produced at La Scala, Milan, in 1863, and obtained great success there and elsewhere in Italy. It was first given in England by Mr. Mapleson, at her Majesty's Theatre, in 1880, and has since been repeatedly performed there and at the Royal Italian Opera. The characteristics of the opera, and the individuality of the treatment of Goethe's "Faust," which distinguish it from Gounod's opera founded on the same subject, have before been dwelt on, and need not here be further discussed. In the recent performance now alluded to, the characters of Margherita in the first part, and of Elena in the second (classical) part, were sustained, respectively, by Miss Macintyre and Miss Ella Russell, instead of being assigned to the same artist, as heretofore. Each lady sang with special grace and refinement. The secondary, but still important, character of Marta in the first part, and that of Pantalio in the subsequent classical part, were, as previously, sustained by the same representative; who, on this occasion was Madame Scalchi, whose vocal excellence was admirably manifested in each portion of the opera. A special feature was the fine performance of M. E. De Reszké as Mefistofele, both in its dramatic and its musical aspect. The declamatory passages which so largely prevail were grandly delivered. As Faust, Signor Ravelli sang in genuine cantabile style. With four such artists as Miss Macintyre, Madame Scalchi, Signor Ravelli, and M. E. De Reszké, the beautiful music of the garden-scene could not fail to be adequately rendered; this fine scene having, as usual, formed an admirable contrast to the weird style of other portions of the opera. The subordinate characters of Wagner and Nereus were sufficiently well filled by Signor Rinaldini. The stage effects were worthy of the occasion, orchestra and (augmented) chorus were excellent, and the performance was skilfully directed by Signor Mancinelli. The closing performance, on July 21, consisted of a repetition of "Les Huguenots," with a strong cast, nearly as before. Mr. Harris made a short address to the audience, expressive of a hope to render the season of 1889 equally successful with that which has just ended.

The season just closed opened on May 14, and has comprised many performances, classical and popular operas having been given with a general efficiency, and, in many instances, with an exceptionally strong cast, that have rendered Mr. Augustus Harris's first occupancy of the Royal Italian Opera-House a memorable event in the history of that establishment, and a worthy pendant to his first venture in Italian opera at Drury-Lane Theatre last year. On that occasion the excellence of the musical arrangements, and the exceptional splendour of the scenic and stage accessories, were such as to elicit general acknowledgment; very noticeable was the attention paid to accuracy of costume and the consequent avoidance of the absurd anachronisms in that respect which have so often before characterised performances of Italian opera. The results obtained last year have, in every respect, been fully equalled in Mr. Harris's first season at the Royal Italian Opera-House. Artists of high excellence have appeared—including several who were associated with last year's Drury-Lane performances. Mesdames Albani, Nordica, Minnie Hauk, Firsich-Madi, Hastreiter, Scalchi, and Trebelli; Mdles. Sigrid Arnoldson, Ella Russell, Bauermeister, L. Lablache, and C. Desvignes; MM. J. and E. De Reszké, Lassalle, and Prévost; Signori Ravelli, Rinaldini, Del Puente, Cotogni, Ciampi, Navarrini, Novara, De Vascchetti, and Miranda have appeared in the season of 1888; not to specify others who contributed in their several degrees to the general efficiency: besides which several new appearances have been made, the most important of which was that of Miss Macintyre, who achieved a special success; one, indeed, that was remarkable, considering her youth and previous inexperience of the stage. As said in previous notices, such a commencement so young should lead to a distinguished career. Mdle. Rolla claims particular mention for her excellent performance as Donna Elvira, in sudden replacement of Miss Macintyre in consequence of illness. The effect then made was sustained by Mdle. Rolla on subsequent occasions. First appearances were also more or less successfully made by Mdles. Zepilli-Villani, Melba, Martini, Columbia, and De Lussan—other débuts not having been sufficiently important to call for specific mention. The chorus manifested marked improvement on performances of previous seasons, the effects, in grand opera, having been greatly enhanced by large reinforcements of fresh voices. The orchestra was not, at first, so satisfactory as afterwards, owing to the importation of many new members, the result having been much improved after the first few nights. The office of conductor-in-chief was zealously and skilfully fulfilled by Signor Mancinelli, similar praise being due to Mr. Randegger for his occasional direction of performances.

There has been a judicious avoidance of the usual struggle after the production of novelties, these in recent years having been generally, more or less, failures. The policy has been the wise one of giving classical and popular operas of proved power of attraction, thoroughly well rendered, and mounted with scenic splendour.

The artistic result of the past season has been such as to induce a desire for the continuance of Mr. Augustus Harris in his new position as director of Italian opera, and we believe the financial results are such as also to justify the expectation.

With the termination of Mr. Augustus Harris's first lease-ship of the Royal Italian Opera, and the approaching end of the London season, comes the subsidence of musical performances which is naturally consequent thereon. The lull, however, is but comparative. Covent-Garden Theatre will be reopened for promenade concerts on Aug. 11, again under the lease-ship of Mr. W. Freeman Thomas, and with Mr. Gwyllyn Crowe as conductor.

Recent miscellaneous concerts have included those of M. Hollman, the esteemed violoncellist; Señor Manjon, the blind guitarist; Mr. and Miss Asher, and Miss M. De Grey; concerts at Stafford House and the Kensington Townhall—in the former case in aid of the funds of the National Physical Recreation Society, in the latter instance in aid of the London Anti-Vivisection Society; by Signor Boitesini, the incomparable contrabassist; by Mr. Templer Saxe; performances by the students of the Royal Academy of Music, and distribution of prizes to pupils of the institution; and a concert of Dr. Wyld's London Academy of Music and distribution of medals to students thereof.

Mr. Jerome Hopkins, who announces himself as "the American Musical Radical Composer and Pianist," gave an invitation-concert lately at St. James's Hall (in one of the

small rooms). As the occasion was of a quasi-private nature, all that need be said is that Mr. Hopkins's executive skill was displayed in various pieces of his own composition, in some of which he had the co-operation of Mdle. Jeanne Douste (pianiste), Mr. G. Frank (violinist), Mr. Whitehouse (violin-cellist), and Mr. B. Grove, who was announced as "the distinguished basso." Mr. Hopkins has composed a large number of works (he says between seven and eight hundred) in nearly all styles, and has received congratulatory letters from Liszt, Berlioz, and other celebrities, besides many laudatory notices in American newspapers.

In advance of the longer-established autumn provincial festivals—at Birmingham, Hereford, and Bristol—was that (of more recent institution) at Chester, on July 25, 26, and 27. Having already given details of the arrangements and the scheme of performances, brief notice may now suffice. The special Sunday services of July 22 were followed by the opening performance of "Elijah" in the cathedral on July 25. The only absolute novelty was the symphonic cantata, "Oh, sing unto the Lord," composed for the festival by Mr. Oliver King. This formed part of the programme for Thursday, July 26.

Performances of Wagner's "Parsifal" (nine), and of his "Die Meistersinger" (eight), were announced to begin at Bayreuth, on July 22, and to conclude on Aug. 19.

## ROSE-LEAVES.

"I have been in Corisande's garden," says Lothair, in Lord Beaconsfield's novel, "and she has given me a rose." What rose—besides herself—she selected on that interesting occasion one would have liked to know. Was it the grand old Provence (or cabbage) rose, which made such a figure in our gardens some half a century ago? Or the Portland rose, than which, by-the-by, none is better for the composition of *pot-pourri*? Or was it the Maiden-blush, or that delicate sweet China rose, with pale pink petals, which (like a true friend) is among the first to come and the last to go? Or that York and Lancaster, which reconciles the rival colours of the two Kingly houses, as did Henry Tudor and Elizabeth Woodville, "in the days of old"? In the modern rose-garden there is, at all events, no lack of choice; new varieties, indeed, being brought forward every year; so that one is tempted to wonder when this development of rose culture will reach exhaustion-point. *Tempora mutantur*, and with them the roses! One might as well ask what has become of last year's snows as of one's childhood's roses, or of those which Shakspeare and Herrick celebrated! I am Goth enough to think that the newcomers have not always as much charm as those dear old friends, with all their sweet memories and fond traditions. There is just a doubt whether, in the passion for huge symmetrical blooms, and that thirst for something new which possesses the Englishman of to-day, as it possessed the Athenian in the time of St. Paul, the ancestral roses that bloomed in the parterres, and scattered odours from the vases, of our great-grandmothers, have not unjustly been set aside and discredited. At all events, they were rich in a magic of association which their successors have not. It was of no Gloire-de-Dijon or Sénateur Vaisse that Herrick was thinking, when he sang, in his semi-Pagan way, "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may. Old Time is still a-flying!" And the "lovely rose" that Waller sent to his Sacharissa was, we may be sure, of none of the varieties that bloom with so much forwardness at our annual rose-shows and are duly entered in the catalogues of our florists.

In the sixth century, as Dean Hole reminds us, St. Mildred instituted the custom of giving a wreath of white roses as an annual prize to the most modest and duteous of the maidens of Salency. What a delightful harmony between the prize and its recipient, between the pure white flower and the maiden with the white purity of soul! It is not often that gifts are appropriated with such a sense of fitness. There seems a certain degree of violence, however, in the expression—"a white rose," but it is sanctioned by the usage of generations; and I find it difficult to think of anything more beautiful in itself, whatever may be one's fancy about the name, than the snowy Niphetos or Alba, or the exquisite moss-rose known as White Bath. In white roses this island of ours was at a very early date so rich that the fame thereof reached the naturalist Pliny in his villa on the bright Parthenopean shore; and he sat down and calmly wrote that "Albion" was so-called either from its white, sea-washed cliffs or from the white roses with which it abounded. There is a pretty story that, in the fifteenth century, the Duke of Clarence, a Yorkist, having become enamoured of the Lady Eliza Beauchamp, a Lancastrian, he sent to her a white rose, and with it a right princely and poetical compliment, which, long afterwards, was versified by Congreve and Somerville in the manner following:—

If this pale rose offend your sight,  
It in your bosom wear;  
'T will blush to find itself less white,  
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lips it spy—  
To kiss it shouldst thou deign—  
With envy pale 't will lose its dye,  
And Yorkist turn again.

In a previous paper I referred to Sir John Maundeville's legend of the Hebrew maiden, unjustly burned to death at Bethlehem. He tells how the stake to which the pure and innocent victim was bound became a budding rose-tree. As the legend—which, by-the-way, Southey has put into verse—professes to explain the origin of white roses, I will quote it in Maundeville's own words:—"Betwene the citee and the chirche of Bethelhem is the felde Floridus, that is to seye, the feld florished (or flowery); for als moche as a fayre mayden was blamed with wrong and sclaudered, for which cause sche was domed to the dethe, and to be brout to that place, to the whiche sche was ladd. And as the fyre began to burne aboute hire, sche made hire prayers to oure Lord, that als wissly as sche was not gilty of that synne, that He wolde helpe hire, and make it to be known to alle men, of his mercy-fulle grace; and whanne sche hadde thus seyde, sche entred into the fuyr, and anon was the fuyr quenched and oute; and the brandes that weren burnyng becomen *white roses*, *fulle of roses*; and theise weren the first rosenes and roses, bothe white and rede, that ever any man saughe." But, for myself, I do not accept this fanciful story, having no doubt at all that white roses (and red) bloomed in the Garden of Eden, which, indeed, without them would have been no Earthly Paradise.

One is surprised that the English poets have had so little to say in praise of the white rose. It is true that Burns has the grace and good taste to exclaim, "Here's the flower that I love most, The rose that's like the snow"; and Bryan Waller Procter talks ungallantly of "the pale rose that hangs her head like a love-sick girl"; and Beddo's speaks of "a white rose, fitting for a wedding gift"; and Mrs. Browning of "a white rose delicate, On a tall bough and straight . . . Uplifting its white head"; and Tennyson plants a white rose in Maud's rose-garden—but, generally speaking, our English minstrelsy is devoted to its blushing sister. Half a hundred instances rise to one's memory:—"Whatso'er of beauty Yearns and yet reposes," says Leigh Hunt, "Blush and besom and sweet breath, Took a shape in roses." Byron alludes to "the odorous purple of a new-blown rose." Shelley is in love with "the depth of her glowing breast." Mrs. Hemans speaks of "that fervid hue of love which to its heart-leaf glows," just as L. E. L. reads within its petals "the crimson annals of true love." Mrs. Browning has a poet's eye for "The red roses,

used to praises long, Contented with the poet's song." Lewis Morris apostrophises, "Oh, vermeil rose and sweet, Rose with the golden heart of hidden fire." Roden Bloor inquires whether we most love those which "lie full blown with a delicate flush," or those which open "coy with a crimson blush"; to which I, for one, answer that I love both equally! Tennyson has a charming phrase about "the spirit of a crimson rose"; and Augusta Webster is in love with her rose, "A very child of June, Spreading its crimson coronet of leaves."

In mediæval France a romantic custom obtained in connection with the flower of flowers. It was called the "Baillée aux Roses," or "Tribute of Roses," and, appropriately enough, was instituted by a woman in compliment to a woman—by Blanche of Castille, widow of Louis VIII. of France, and Regent in 1227, for Marie, the fair daughter of Dabuisson, first President of the Parliament. The Regent and her Court, together with the Peers of Parliament, assembled at Poitiers, in May, to make and administer the laws. Various causes awaited their decision, one of which had been entrusted to the advocacy of a gallant, but pleasure-loving, young noble, the Comte de la Marche, who, however, showed but little inclination to examine into its merits, being deeply in love with Marie Dabuisson. He had previously pressed his suit upon her, and been rejected; but his love burned all the more fervently, and after their arrival at Poitiers, he ventured by night into a rose-garden which bloomed near the maiden's window, and serenaded her, according to the custom of the time. Marie opened her lattice. "Are you not ashamed, fair sir," she said, "to employ the hours of thought and study in idle gallantry? 'I will be your task to-morrow to defend before the Parliament the honour and fortune of the orphans, and you are wasting your time in idle pleasures. If you would win my favour, go and prepare to do your duty worthily!'" The young Count took his mistress's reproach to heart; went home and mastered the details of the case; on the following day pleaded it with brilliant success—with such success that the Queen-Regent, with a smile, asked him whence he had derived his inspiration. "From the voice of an angel!" was his impassioned reply. The sequel is easy to guess; Marie became the Comtesse de la Marche; and in memory of the incident, the Queen ordered that every year, on the first of May, the youngest noble should pay to Parliament "a tribute of roses." The practice survived until 1589.

During the imprisonment of Charles I. in the Isle of Wight, he was being conducted—one day in November, 1648—through the streets of Newport, when a loyal gentlewoman, named Frances Prattle, respectfully presented her Royal master with a damask rose—the last which had lingered in her garden. It was all she could give, except her prayers. The King was much affected, no doubt, by this proof of her devotion.

In "The Song of Solomon" we read of "The Rose of Sharon"; and the Prophet Isaiah, when he speaks of the blessings that shall attend the coming of the Messiah, predicts that "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Some authorities believe, however, that the Hebrew word indicates the narcissus; while Gesenius asserts that the autumnal crocus is intended. If we must give up the rose, I prefer the narcissus as a substitute. But it is to the rose that allusion is made, in Ecclesi. xxiv. 14, where Wisdom is said to be exalted as a "rose-plant in Jericho." It is needless to say that roses were greatly valued in the East, and that the rose-water distilled from their petals is an adjunct of every boudoir. The hundred-leaved rose (*Rosa centifolia*) and the Damascus or damask rose (*Rosa damascena*) are everywhere cultivated.

So much for some of the poetical and historical associations of our regal flower. Let us now take a hurried glance at the curiosities of its nomenclature, which does not appear to be constructed upon any definite or intelligible principle. Sometimes the name of a rose-grower, or of his sister, his cousin, or his aunt, is called into requisition; sometimes it is the name of a warrior, statesman, or other popular personage; sometimes it is entirely fanciful. I do not find that it is often found to indicate any characteristic of form, structure, or colouring. To some small extent, our roses are made to chronicle passing moods of popular feeling; as is the case with the Lord Clyde, Lord Herbert, Lord Raglan, Prince Albert, Charles Darwin, and Christine Nilsson. Among the few which bear a poetical savour are La Perle des Jardins, Coupe d'Hébé, Boule-d'Or, and Boule-de-Neige. Apparently, these represent the highest flights of fancy to which the rosarian has attained—which is, surely, remarkable when the flower should have served, one would think, as a stimulus to the imaginative faculty. Why not link the names of our poets and their airy creations with the beautiful flower which poetry has done so much to consecrate? Why should we not have among the roses a Perdita, an Imogen, a Rosalind, a Castara, a Lucasta, or an Elaine?

But the readers who would know more about rose-lore, and dip into rose-culture, should turn—as I have done—to Dean Hole's delightful "Book about Roses," Mr. Shirley Hibberd's monograph on "The Rose," and Mr. H. Bright's "A Year in a Lancashire Garden." There is an excellent practical treatise, by Mr. William Paul, which any rose-grower would do well to study.

W. H. D.-A.

In the Oxford examination for Women the following class-list has been issued:—French and German Honours.—Class I. W. Hogg and W. Holinden, Somerville Hall. Class II. A. M. Partridge and M. S. Tait, Somerville Hall. Class IV. M. A. Moger, Gay-street, Bath.

Lord Mostyn has intimated to his tenants in Cheshire his intention of returning 10 per cent on the tithe-rent charge due to him. Sir A. Rivers Bulkeley, Bart., of Baron-hill, Beaumaris, also intends returning 10 per cent on the rents due by his agricultural tenants in Anglesea.

Earl Cadogan presided on July 18 at a meeting held in Chelsea House in support of a scheme for establishing a Polytechnic Institute for south-west London, for which £50,000 has been promised by the Charity Commissioners, if a similar amount be raised by voluntary effort. The scheme was supported by Lord Knutsford, Lord Monkswell, Sir A. Borthwick, M.P., Mr. Goschen, M.P., Sir A. Hayter, and others, and resolutions approving it were adopted.

It is purposed, as soon as £2000 shall have been specially contributed, to open a home in connection with the Royal Military Benevolent Fund. As is doubtless known to the majority of our readers, this fund grants annuities, up to £40 each, to distressed ladies, being (exclusively) widows or daughters of officers of the army, inclusive of the Royal Marines. To show the need that exists for its operations, it may be mentioned that for every pension awarded there are between thirty and forty applicants. These ladies are all the relatives of officers whose services had been long and meritorious, and in many instances of a highly distinguished nature; they are all in circumstances of great need, and many are absolutely destitute. Contributions, either for the home or for the fund, are received by Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Ransom, Bouverie and Co., bankers, 1, Pall-mall East, S.W., by Messrs. Cox and Co., Army agents, 17, Charing-Cross, S.W., and by the hon. treasurer, Mrs. Ellis-Williams, 40, Bedford-square, W.C.





Scrivelsby Court, Front View.

On the Road to Scrivelsby.





SEASIDE IDYLLS: LISTENING TO THE WAVES.



SEASIDE IDYLLS: MUSSEL-GATHERERS.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 31, 1877), with a codicil (dated April 9, 1878), of Dame Laura Buchan, widow of the late Lieutenant-General Sir John Buchan, K.C.B., late of No. 5, Sussex-square, Hyde Park, who died on May 10 last, was proved on July 14 by Sir Walter Buchanan Riddell, Bart., Sir Mark Wilks Collett, Bart., and Francis Joseph Colman, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £132,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to the Isle of Man General Hospital, the House of Industry (Douglas, Isle of Man), the Middlesex Hospital, and the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond-street); £500 each to the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Brompton), and the National Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Ventnor); her leasehold residence in Sussex-square, with the furniture and effects (except certain plate and jewellery specifically bequeathed), horses and carriages, to her cousin, the said Sir Mark Wilks Collett; and numerous and considerable legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. She recites that by a separate disposition she has settled certain lands, teinds, and pertinents in the Sheriffdom of Berwick. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves one third to the said Sir Mark Wilks Collett; one third to her late husband's nephew, General Charles Francis Fordyce, C.B.; and one third, upon trust, to pay an annuity of £200 to her cousin, Eliza Eleanor Newton, and subject thereto for such one or more of the three surviving children of George William Fordyce Buchan, who shall, under his will, become possessed of the mansion of Kelloe, in the county of Berwick.

The will (dated April 16, 1883) with two codicils (dated May 4 and 23 following), of Mr. William Howard, late of Ersham House, Canterbury, who died on June 1, was proved on July 10 by John Howard, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £229,000. The testator states that his wife, Mrs. Julia Howard, is already possessed of property at Nice, and of various investments, and he leaves her £2000, all his furniture, plate, pictures, jewellery, effects, horses, carriages, and stock; £1500 per annum for life, and the personal use, if she desires to have it, of Ersham House, with the lands and cottages. His freehold paper-mill at Chatham, his freehold rag-house at Canterbury, with the goodwill of the business and all the machinery, stock, and book debts, he leaves to his son John; and there are a few legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his children, Helen, Elizabeth, Agnes, and William; but if their respective shares exceed £60,000, which is to be taken as the value of the paper-mill estates, then his son John is to participate in the residue, after his sisters and brother have each received £60,000 thereout.

The will (dated April 17, 1883), with five codicils (dated June 20, 1883; Oct. 27, 1884; and March 12, April 22, and Oct. 6, 1886), of Mr. Edwin Knight, late of Palmeira Mansions, Brighton, who died on April 22 last, was proved on July 11 by Mrs. Alice Knight, the widow, and Thomas Moy, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £91,000. The testator bequeaths £400, and all his household furniture and effects, to his wife; and a complementary legacy to his executor, Mr. Moy. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £1000 per annum to his wife, she maintaining and educating his children under twenty-one, to be reduced to £800 per annum on his youngest child attaining twenty-one, or to £250 on her marrying again. The ultimate residue he leaves, upon further trust, for all his children, in equal shares, excepting his son Arthur Edwin Kilvington, whose share is not to exceed £5000.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Renfrew, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated June 17, 1881), with a codicil (dated April 7, 1886), of Mr. Alexander Cattanaach, of Auchentorlie, distiller in Paisley, who died on May 3 last, granted to William Thomson, Andrew Millar, jun., Robert Binnie, James Dickie, Mrs. Mary Lorimer Millar, the sister, and John Stewart, the surviving executors nominate, was resealed in London on July 7, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £84,000.

The will (dated March 17, 1883), with a codicil (dated Sept. 23, 1886), of Mr. Jonathan William Battley, late of Sussex House, Amhurst-park, Stamford-hill, who died on June 6, has just been proved by Mrs. Jane Eleanor Battley, the widow, William Ernest Battley, the son, Clement Dukes, M.D., Percy Pedley Hasluck, and John Bernard Portway, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £32,000. The testator bequeaths the jewellery, plate, pictures, books, furniture, effects, horses and carriages at his residence to his wife; and some annuities to relatives. The share of the capital, stock-in-trade, and goodwill of his partnership business of lampblack manufacturers and tar distillers, carried on at Edith-street, Haggerston, and Bow-common, he gives to his said son, William Ernest, conditionally on his paying interest at 5 per cent on the capital so given to him, to his (testator's) wife, for life. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children except William Ernest; but certain sums settled on his daughters, Mrs. Dukes, Mrs. Hasluck, and Mrs. Portway, are to be brought into account in the division.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated June 16, 1837) of Mr. Denis Crofton, late of No. 8, Mountjoy-square, Dublin, who died on Dec. 2 last, to Lord James Butler, Frederick Villiers Clarendon, and William Oliver Barker, M.D., the executors, was resealed in London on July 11, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £52,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 to the Representative Body of the Church of Ireland for the spiritual use and benefit of poor parishes and districts throughout Ireland; £15,000 to the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, to endow a mission to be designated the "Denis Crofton" Mission; £1000 to the Religious Tract Society (London); £500 each to the Adelaide Hospital (Peter-street, Dublin), the Fever Hospital and House of Recovery (Cork-street, Dublin), the Société Evangélique de France, and the Société Centrale d'Evangélisation; and legacies to relatives, executors, servants, and others. If he has any curiosities or works of art on view at the time of his death at the Museum of Science and Art, Dublin, or the National Gallery, Dublin, he gives them to the said institutions. The residue of his property he devises and bequeaths to the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The Polytechnic Institute has received the munificent gift of £1500 from "G. L."

The visitation of the Brewers' Company's (Lady Owen's) School, Islington, was held on July 18, at Brewers' Hall, the Master of the Brewers' Company, Mr. W. Hoare, presiding. Numerous prizes and scholarships were awarded, and in the course of the proceedings it was announced that during the past year the first places on the list in the London University matriculation, the University of Cambridge junior local examination, and the Civil Service examination for boys had been taken by boys from this school.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

SIGNOR ASPA.—We take note of your request, and look for the improved position later on.

G. HEWITT (Middle Colaba).—The main play is sufficient.

SPHINX (Alexandria).—The manager of the *British Chess Magazine*, 19, Barbary-street, Leeds, will receive your order. The price, if subscriber's name is sent in before publication, is 6s.; afterwards, 7s. 6d. We do not think it is published yet.

W. R. PRIDMORE (Lugby).—Jacques, Hatton-garden, are the most likely for your purpose.

A. NEWMAN (Camden Town).—We cannot undertake to answer by post. The problem shall appear if it is up to our standard.

MRS. KELLY. If you will look at the solution of No. 2307 you will probably find wherein your own failed. No. 2309 is characteristic of the author, and we hope No. 2311 will fulfil your anticipations. Solution of No. 2310 is not Kt to K B 6th.

GUSTAVE MOSCIG.—Your problems want strategy. They are neat, but too simple for publication.

HERREWARD.—Your problem is capable of much improvement: White has at least four superfluous pieces, and can play, for its second move, Kt to either K 2nd or Kt 5th. At best, however, the position is weak.

A. G. STUBBS (Hallebury).—The idea is so hackneyed that, although your problem is well constructed, we could not publish it. The baffling of Black's check by a discovered check has been done to death in two-move problems.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2308 received from B. H. Cochrane, A. W. Hamilton (Jell), C. W. H. Glover, C. Etherington, and C. Byng; of No. 2309 from E. G. Boys, Alpha, C. B. Hereward, W. S. (Sheffield), and W. L.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2310 received from Dr. F. St. R. Roberts, Junior Junior, H. Lucas, A. Newman, Percy Even, Thomas Chown, R. H. Brooks, Blair H. Cochrane, R. Warters (Canterbury), J. Hepworth Shaw, E. Casella (Paris), J. R. N. (East Sheen), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Shadforth, Major Priehard, Julia Short, A. Wheeler (also of 2307), James Esce, Sergeant, Columbus, W. R. Itallien, E. E. H. T. G. (Ware), Dr. G. Waltz, Hereward, Alpha, G. J. Veale, W. S. (Sheffield), T. Hall, L. Smith, L. Coad, E. Phillips, Howard A. and Dawn.

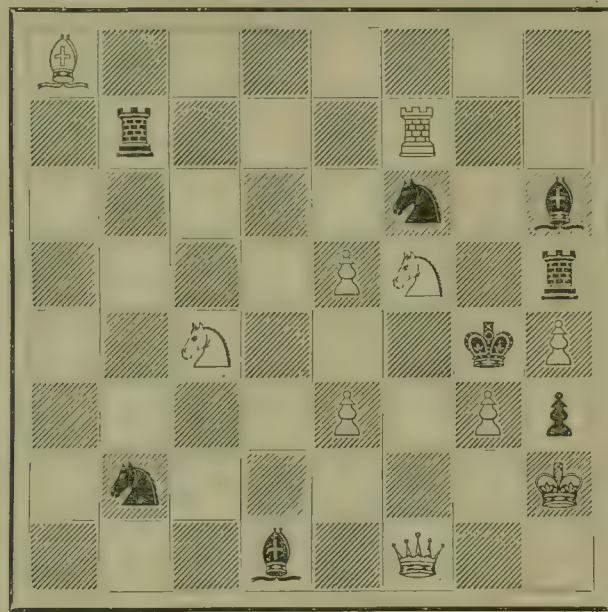
## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2308.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. R to K R 7th. Any move  
2. Mates.

## PROBLEM No. 2312.

By M. BLACKIDGE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game in the Fraser International Tourney between Mr. J. C. BREMNER, Broughty Ferry, the well-known problem composer, and Captain M. S. WOOLLETT, of Dublin. Notes by Mr. Fraser.

(King's Bishop Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	24. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt
2. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	25. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Q Kt 3rd
3. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Q B 3rd	26. R to K sq	Kt to Q 2nd
4. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q R 4th	27. Q R to K 2nd	Kt to K B 3rd
5. B to Kt 5th		28. B to Q 2nd	Castles
		29. P to B 5th	Kt to R 4th
		30. Q to R 3rd	B to K 4th
		31. B takes R P	Q to Q B 2nd
		32. Kt to Q 2nd	

The King's Bishop is an almost indispensable piece in this opening, and White wisely preserves it, even at the loss of a move or two.

White would obviously gain nothing by capturing it at this juncture.

32. Kt to Q 2nd. Kt to K B 5th. B takes B. K to Kt 2nd.

33. B takes Kt. Kt to K B 5th. B takes B. K to Kt 2nd.

34. Kt to B 3rd. K to Kt 2nd.

35. P to B 6th (ch). Played with great judgment. The King is evidently compelled to capture the P.w.

36. Q to R 4th (ch). K takes P. K takes P. K to Kt 2nd.

37. P to K 5th. K B takes K P. K takes Q P.

38. R takes B. R takes R. K to B 3rd. B to B sq.

39. B takes K Kt P. and wins.

Game between Mr. W. JAY, London, and Mr. F. DOWNEY, South Shields. (Bishops' Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. Kt to K 5th (ch)	Kt takes Kt
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	17. P takes Kt	B to K 2nd
3. B to B 4th	Q to R 5th (ch)	18. P to K 6th (ch)	
4. K to B sq	P to Q 4th		
5. B takes P	Kt to K 2nd		

A transposition of moves which leads to difficulties. He should proceed, 5. P to Kt 4th, followed by 6. B to Kt 2nd, and 7. Kt to K 2nd.

6. Kt to K B 3rd. Q to R 4th. 7. Kt to B 3rd. P to Kt 4th. 8. P to K R 4th. P to K R 3rd. 9. B takes P (ch).

Perfectly sound, and the key-note of the attack. Q takes B. Q to Kt 2nd. 11. Q to R 5th (ch). K to Q sq. 12. Kt to B 7th (ch). K to Q 2nd. 13. Kt takes R. P takes P.

Black's position is seriously compromised, and the only chance here was to preserve a numerical superiority by Q takes Kt; even then, however, White maintains a distinct advantage by 14. P takes P.

14. Kt to B 7th. Kt to B 3rd. 15. P to Q 4th.

White pursues the attack with great vigour. If this P be captured the Q file will be cleared for the action of Q R.

15. Kt to Kt 3rd.

and wins.

The British Chess Club Handicap resulted in Messrs. Blackburne and Gunsberg, with eleven wins apiece, dividing the first and second prizes.

Messrs. Bird and Wainwright, with ten each, the third and fourth. It will be remembered that Mr. Gunsberg won the first prize and Mr. Bird the third in the late Divan contest, and their similar success on this occasion points to the high and consistent quality of their play. Mr. Blackburne, however, would probably have won outright but for the adverse decision of the committee in the disputed game with Mr. Gattio.

"The Apposition" at St. Paul's School took place on July 23, and in the evening the High Master held a reception in the great school.

## HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

## BRUNSWICK.

Next, after Nuremberg, Brunswick is noted as the finest mediæval town in Germany. This reputation is not undeserved; for, although it possesses few monuments worth speaking of, except the old Townhall in the Altmarkt and some fountains of the usual slender, wire-drawn old German style, Brunswick is composed entirely of narrow, tortuous streets, lined with old houses with overhanging gables and irregular red-tiled roofs, such as you see in the background of Albert Durer's pictures. And, curiously enough, these houses have been repaired and rebuilt for the most part in the old style, the only liberty taken being to put in some modern plate-glass shop-fronts. In this maze of narrow streets several lines of tramways run, with an occasional tinkling of bells as they round the corners; there are gas-lamps, too, and even electric lights and swaggering cavalry soldiers, and other modern improvements: still, the town retains its mediæval aspect. Every step we take brings us face to face with something picturesque.

So much for the old town, with its Cathedral, its Castle, its Burg Platz, its Altmarkt; but the kernel of the town is all that remains, the shell has been transformed entirely. The moat is navigable for pleasure-boats and even little steamers; the ramparts have become fine promenades, laid out as parks and gardens, in which has sprung up a girdle of modern detached or semi-detached villa residences, with bow-windows and conservatories, where you see the worthy tenants sitting in solemn state, like mannikins in a waxwork show, watching the people pass and repass. On Sunday afternoon and evening all Brunswick is out on the ramparts—on foot, in carriages, or on bicycles and tricycles; for cycling is in high favour in northern Germany, and I even saw some young ladies with divided skirts riding tricycles, and tearing along in the most ungraceful manner.

But in spite of this apparent animation, Brunswick is a terribly dull place for the visitor: in a couple of hours you can walk all round the town and through almost all the streets. Then what remains to be done? Try the cafés? They are about three in number, and all equally solemn. Sample cigars? This would be too terrible an operation, seeing that there are no less than fifty-nine varieties of cigars at six a penny, all equally deadly! Hunt the streets for a pretty face? This would be chimerical, for everybody knows that, except in Berlin, pretty German faces are rare. Besides, one must be serious, and looking for pretty faces, in the flesh, is not generally considered a serious occupation; at any rate, one does not travel hundreds of miles to some out-of-the-way provincial town on such a frivolous errand. The great attraction at Brunswick is the Museum and Picture Gallery, which are now lodged in a magnificent new building—a model of commodious arrangement, like all the new German museums.

The antiquities and objects of art in the Brunswick Museum are not of the first importance, although some of the objects are of historical interest. On the other hand, there is a very admirable collection of Limoges enamels, and a very complete series of Italian painted pottery of the Urbino and Faenza marks. These objects, however, appeal mostly to specialists; while the average visitor will pay more attention to the Picture Gallery, which is peculiarly rich in works of the secondary masters of the Dutch school. The pearl of the Brunswick Gallery is a life-size, half-length family group, by Rembrandt, which alone repays the journey. Against a background of dark-green foliage the father stands on the left; on the right the mother dances a baby girl on her knee, while in the foreground are two other children, one carrying a basket of flowers. The mother is dressed in deep red, and the baby-girl in rose-red. A rich golden light strikes across the faces, and touches the drapery in luminous masses. In this picture, so charming in its simplicity and *intimité*, Rembrandt has indulged in a veritable painter's feast of colour. Technically, it is a most amusing and prodigious piece of work. But to give an idea of a picture in words is impossible. All I can say is, that I do not regret my stay at Brunswick; the vision of this wonderful Rembrandt stored in my memory consoles me for all the minor inconveniences I endured in a twenty-four hours' stay in the town. T. C.

THE BISHOPS OF THE ANGLICAN COMMUNION AT CAMBRIDGE. The Senate House of the University of Cambridge was on July 18 the scene of an interesting ceremony. Taking advantage of the assembly of the Bishops of the Anglican Communion from all parts of the world at the Lambeth Conference, the University decided to offer them her hospitality, and, at the same time, to confer upon some of their number honorary degrees in Divinity. Those who received these marks of distinction were the Archbishops of York, Armagh, and Dublin; and the Bishops of Guiana, Fredericton, Capetown—who, however, was kept away by illness—Calcutta, Minnesota, and New York, several of whom are *alumni* of the University.

Such of them as were not already staying in Cambridge or at Ely, as guests of the Bishop, left King's-cross by special train at ten minutes to ten o'clock, arriving at Cambridge a few minutes after eleven. Carriages were in waiting to convey the visitors to the Senate House, where they were received by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, Vice-Chancellor and Master of St. John's. The visitors were formed into groups, each of which was conducted by one or more of the Professors round the colleges. The best use possible was made of the brief time at disposal, under the guidance of the Rev. Professor Browne, the Rev. F. Wallis, the Rev. T. H. Orpen, Mr. W. M. Fawcett, and other gentlemen. Before the conclusion of the tour of inspection, rain began to fall, and later on it came down in torrents, spoiling the enjoyment of the garden-party which the Master of Trinity had arranged to give. The guests were entertained at luncheon by the heads of the various colleges, and at half-past two assembled in the Senate House. Every part of the floor was filled. Nearly eighty Bishops, most of whom wore their scarlet robes, occupied the front places, and around them were members of the University and a large number of gaily-dressed ladies.

The guests adjourned for service in the chapel of King's College; after which further visits were made to places of interest, including Trinity College, at the lodge of which the Master entertained all the guests to tea.

In the evening several dinner-parties were given by prominent members of the University, the principal one being that given by the Vice-Chancellor, who entertained the recipients of honorary degrees and other distinguished persons.

The sixth annual report of the Fishery Board for Scotland for the year 1887 states that 26,907 boxes of salmon were sent to Billingsgate in that year, or about 3500 boxes more than in 1886. At £5 5s. per box, this represented a value of £141,261 15s., and if there is added as much more as the value of the salmon consumed in Scotland, and sent out of Scotland and elsewhere than to London, there is obtained £282,523 as the estimated value of the Scotch salmon fisheries in 1887.



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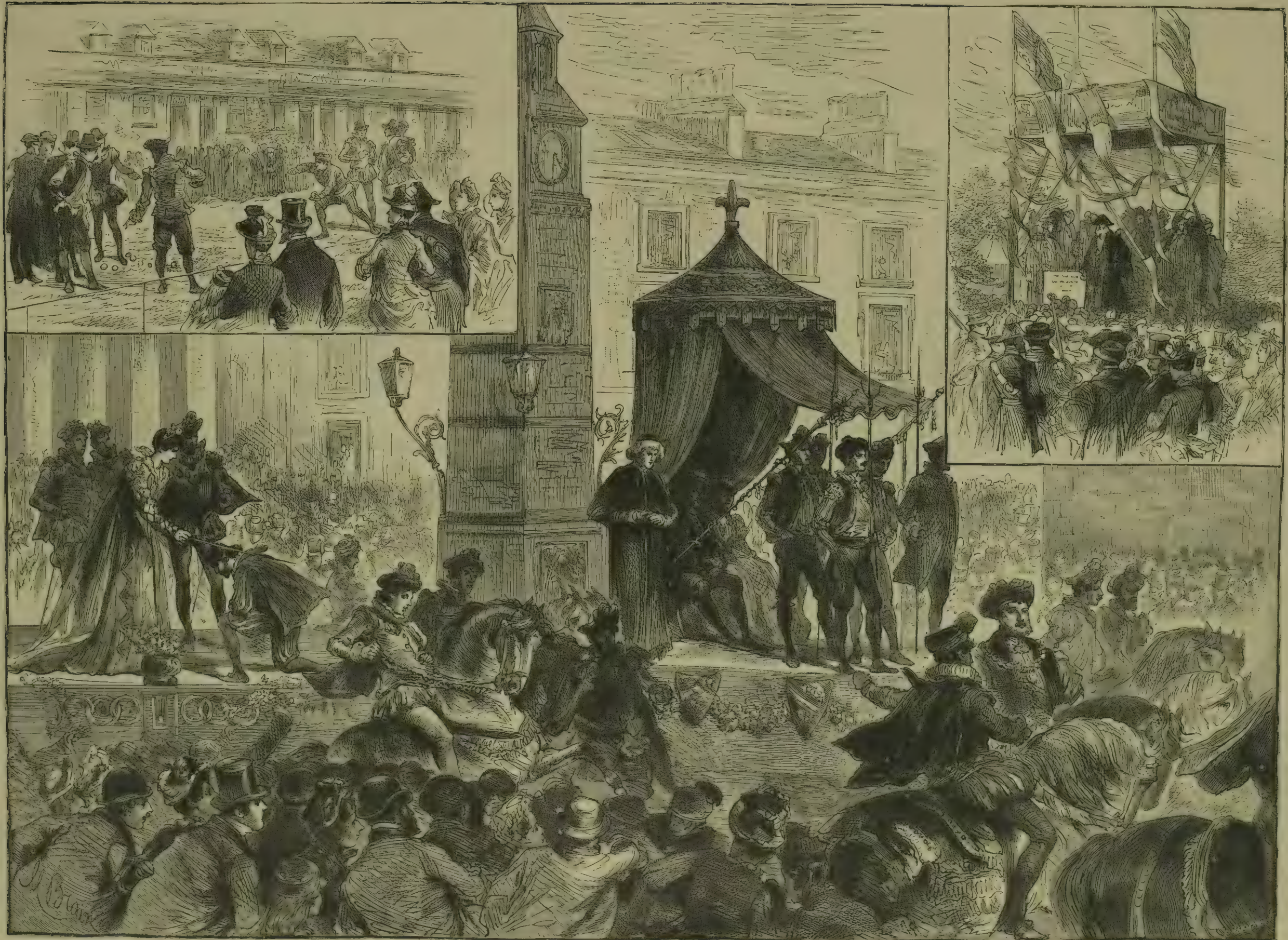
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The Lord Mayor entertained the members of the Executive Council of the British Section of the Paris Exhibition at a banquet at the Mansion House on July 21. M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, was the principal speaker. Responding to the toast of his health, he said that as the representative of France in this country he should always strive to be on the best possible footing with England. He thought that the possibility of wars in Europe was not so great as a hundred or even fifty years ago, owing to the growth of public opinion, the introduction of universal service on the Continent, and the invention of deadly instruments. The Lord Mayor next proposed "Success to the Paris Exhibition of 1889," and M. Georges Berger, Director-General of the Exhibition, acknowledged the toast. Sir Lyon Playfair gave "The Executive Council of the British Section," for whom Sir Henry Roscoe replied; Mr. E. H. Carbutt proposed "Science and Literature," and W. H. M. Christie, Astronomer Royal, responded for Science, Mr. George Augustus Sala replying for Literature.

In London 2385 births and 1297 deaths were registered in the week ending July 21. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 374, and the deaths 539, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 1 from smallpox, 25 from measles, 14 from scarlet fever, 16 from diphtheria, 33 from whooping-cough, 8 from enteric fever, 62 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 2 from choleraic diarrhoea, and not one either from typhus or ill-

defined forms of continued fever. Different forms of violence caused 51 deaths; 49 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 13 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 10 from drowning, 3 from poison, and 11 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Five cases of suicide were registered.

The Speaker gave his annual dinner to the Officers of the House of Commons on July 25.

General Sir Edwin Johnson, G.C.B., late Director of Military Education, has been elected a member of the council of the Oxford Military College.

The Lambeth Flower Show, for promoting window-gardening among the working classes, was held in the Lambeth Palace ground on July 24.

A fine flower show of the Royal Horticultural Society, with which was combined a show of carnations and picotees, was held on July 24 in the drill-hall of the London Scottish Volunteers, Buckingham-gate.

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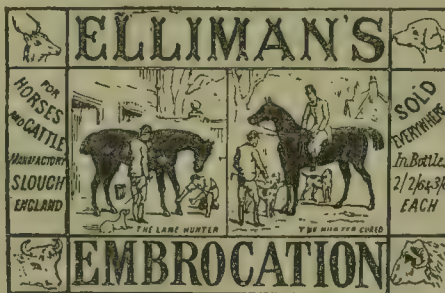
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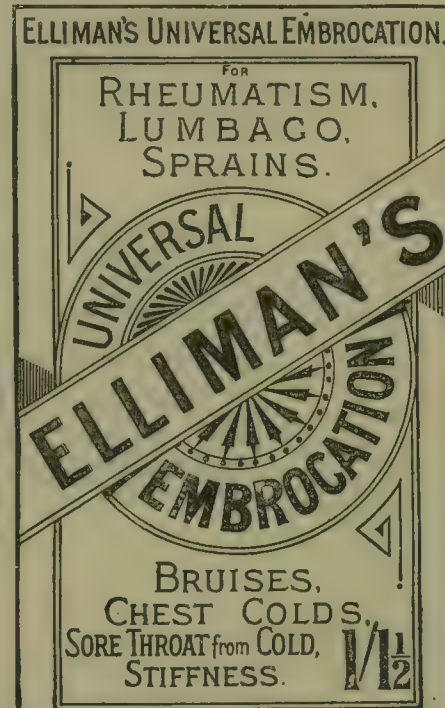
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## THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.

The last annual meeting of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon was brought to a close on Saturday, July 21. We present, as is our custom, a portrait of the winner of the Queen's Prize in the final stage of the contest on Tuesday, July 17. This prize of £250, with the gold medal of the Association and the Championship Badge for the year, was won by Private Fulton, of the 13th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, who made a total score of 280—namely, 86 at the first stage, 110 at the second, 43 at the range of 800 yards, and 41 at the 900 yards' range. After his victory at Wimbledon, Private Fulton was promoted to the rank of Sergeant. Mr. Fulton, the first member of his battalion who has won the Queen's Prize, brings the prize back to London for the second time since 1884, before which it had long been absent. He has been six years in the Queen's Westminsters, is thirty years of age, and had the honour of making a tie for the St. George's this year. He is a wood engraver, residing at Battersea.

The results of the shooting since our last issue was put to press have now to be recorded.

The principal events on the 18th were team-matches for the United Service Challenge Cup between eights of the Volunteers, Royal Marines, Regulars, the Navy, Yeomanry, and Militia; the Kolapore Cup, shot for by representatives of the mother country and the Colonies; and the Chancellor's Plate. The Volunteers won the United Service match, the Kolapore Cup was taken by the Home team, and the Chancellor's Plate was gained by the Cambridge team. The Albert Jewel, being the second stage-prize of the great Any Rifle Competition, was won by Quartermaster Arrowsmith, of Bristol.

On the 19th the Elcho Challenge Shield was won by Ireland with a score of 1652, England having made 1642, and Scotland 1563. The Ashburton Challenge Shield, shot for by the public schools, was taken by Clifton College with 455, Cheltenham being 433, and Eton 432. Lieutenant Wall, of Bradfield, won the Spencer Cup. During the day Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne paid a visit to the Canadian Camp.

The Comte de Paris was among the visitors on the 20th to witness the Loyd-Lindsay cavalry competition, a combination of hurdle-racing and shooting, the prize for which was taken by the Dorset Yeomanry; the second by the West Somerset team. In the Mappin, a similar contest on foot, the winners were the Hon. Artillery Company's team, with a score of 103; the first squad of the 1st London coming in second with 186; the Queen's Westminster squad also making 186. In many of the individual competitions there were more highest possible scores than have been recorded in previous years. The Dudley prize was won with ten successive bull's-eyes at 1000 yards by Major Mc Kerrell, who also took the Bass prize.

The business of Saturday, the 21st, comprised but two events. The first was the new Cyclists' Competition. Ten teams, each of four men, were entered. The conditions were, that the teams should ride about seven-eighths of a mile, and should fire, during the ride, each man ten rounds, at a second-class target, the range being about 450 yards. The course was along the road running parallel to the butts. The cyclists rode half the distance, then dismounted, and fired the forty rounds allowed for each team of four men, lying on the grass close to their machines, and just off the road; then they rode back to the starting point. All kinds of cycles were allowed; bicycles, tricycles, and the ingenious multicycle, carrying four men, of the winning team, which was the 1st Company of the 2nd Warwickshire Volunteer Battalion. Eight minutes were allowed, in all, to ride the distance and to complete the firing; and points were deducted from those teams who took more than that time. The first prize, of £20, was awarded to the team of the 2nd Warwickshire, as stated; and the second prize, of £10, to that of the London Rifle Brigade. The men carried



SERGEANT FULTON, 13TH MIDDLESEX,  
WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT WIMBLEDON.

their rifles either slung over the back or attached to the machine. This was the first appearance of the military cyclists at Wimbledon.

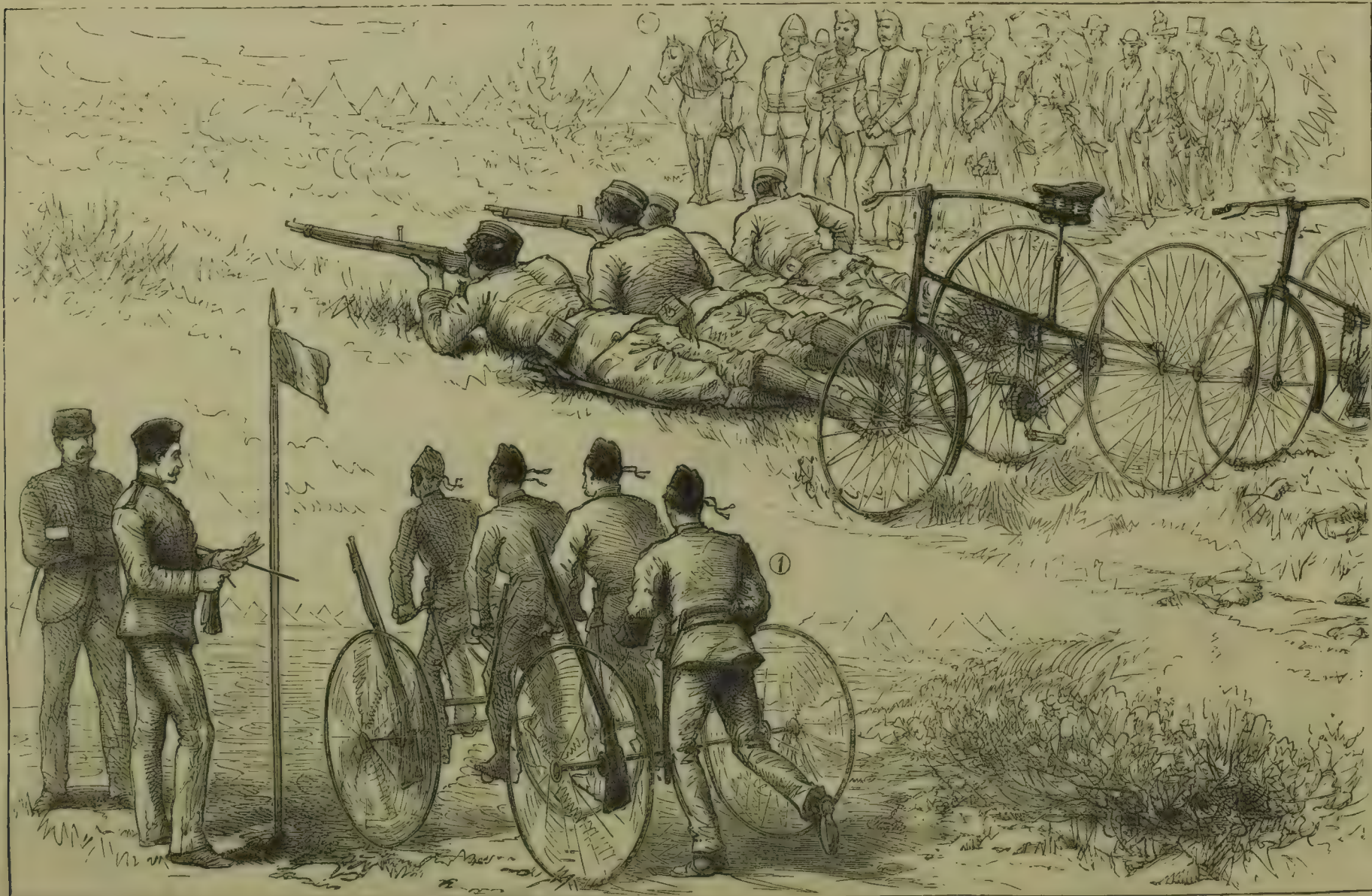
The contest for the Royal Cambridge Challenge Shield did not begin till late in the afternoon. It is a competition restricted to sections of four men from the regular cavalry, but under similar conditions to those which govern the Loyd-Lindsay competition for yeomanry and mounted rifles. The two Hussar teams made the best time, but the lowest scores. The Royals not only rode well, but shot well, and won the first prize by 97, one point over the 16th Lancers. While the last competition was in progress, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with whom were Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, drove into the Council enclosure amid hearty cheers from an assembled crowd of Volunteers and their friends. The Queen's Westminster, to whose ranks the Gold Medallist of this year belongs, furnished a guard of honour under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P. The Clifton boys, as winners of the Ashburton Shield; the Irish Eight, who came to bear away the Elcho Shield; and the Canadians were loudly cheered; but individual prize-winners evoked little excitement until Private Fulton advanced to take the Queen's Prize for 1888. "See the conquering hero comes" announced his approach, and gave the signal for loud plaudits; and then the strains, changing to "God Save the Queen," betokened that the last of the Wimbledon meetings was at an end.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

To write a successful Adelphi melodrama seems, to the dramatic student, as easy a task as shelling peas. There are certain obvious rules and conditions to be studied. In the first place your heroine must be as innocent as new milk. She must be pure and without reproach. The virtuous cream of her existence must not be disturbed by even a suspicion of adulterating water. She must have fed on the roses and lain on the lilies of life. Then again, your hero must be brave and beautiful, with a bronzed face and a biceps big enough to knock down an ox or to floor half-a-dozen marines who oppose his reckless course. He must be sufficiently athletic to jump through a port-hole into the sea, and lucky enough to escape being shot as he swims to shore, the target for innumerable bullets. Put your Adelphi hero into uniform and all will be well. Let him have enlisted into the army or navy and risen in the services by pluck and gallantry, or passed into either service after a spirited competition at Woolwich, Sandhurst, or on board the Britannia. The policeman-hero has yet to engage the attention of Mr. Henry Pettitt and Mr. Sidney Grundy. And then the villain or villains. In proportion as the heroes or heroines are spotless in conduct and honour so must the scoundrels be unspeakably vile. Mr. Beveridge was ordinarily considered bad and base enough to oppose the virtuous tradition of the Adelphi; but now-a-days it is considered necessary to supplement him with Mr. Cartwright, who outdoes in the Strand the direful deeds that were once associated with Mr. E. S. Willard in Oxford-street.

Joking apart, however, the new play, called "The Union Jack," is an excellent specimen of honest, wholesome work. It is a stirring play, well acted, well mounted, full of picturesque scenes, and there is not a sentiment in it that could be cavilled at by a Sunday-school teacher. It teaches men to be brave and chivalrous, and women to be honest and self-reliant and pure; the wicked who repent are forgiven, and the evil who glory in their misdeeds are promptly punished; and it would be difficult to recommend to the ordinary sight-seer a bolder, more creditable or comprehensive piece of work. It is quite true that the *raison d'être* of dramatic performance is to amuse and not to instruct, to please the people and not to preach to them; but if, in arranging for harmless pleasure, a manager can contrive to suggest healthy sentiment, so much the better, and so much the more creditable the task. The Messrs. Gatti have conducted their theatre on excellent principles, and hence the enviable popularity of their playhouse.

Mr. William Terriss has once more been invested with a character that exactly suits his temperament. He has a fine voice, and here he has an opportunity of showing it. He has a pleasant smile, and it proves grateful to his audience. He has a buoyant, frank, self-reliant style, and he animates the whole audience with his own enthusiasm. The hero of the new play, of course, does wonderful things. In order to avenge the honour of his ruined sister he pursues her betrayer, is falsely accused, degraded, ruined, and suffers both humiliation and scorn before he is re-established in the favour of his superior officers and in the eyes of society. The strong popularity of Mr. Terriss will not suffer from his present performance, that is as gay, as heroic, and as animated as ever. The best scene in the play, where the sad, ruined little sister confesses her shame to the brother she loves, is acted by Mr. Terriss with great charm and unaffected pathos, and it is almost to be regretted that the play does not afford more chance for the deliberative and thoughtful side of the actor's art. The sister in question, who would be the heroine of the play were it permissible for an Adelphi heroine to ever have made a mistake, is played by Miss Olga Nethersole with great earnestness, simplicity, and charm. She is certainly the most interesting female character in the play; and, comparatively unknown in London, Miss Nethersole has made a



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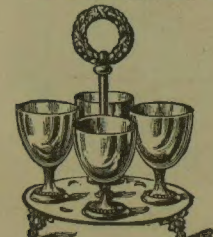
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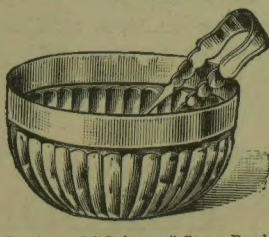
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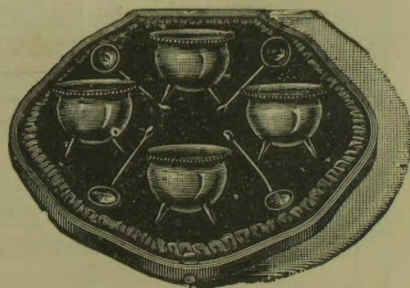
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distinct success. Miss Millward, though she is not connected with the strong vein of dramatic interest that runs through the play, acts with admirable force and intensity. She is becoming a powerful and very valuable actress in strongly emotional characters. All the last acts depend upon her nervous strength, and she is not found wanting when she is called upon. In an artistic sense the prize for good acting should, however, be awarded to Mr. Charles Cartwright, who, out of very small material, gives a picture of a modern villain of a very unconventional pattern. His is not the ordinary villain of the "Vic," who shows his temperament by scowls and gestures. We see the man's heart as well as his face; his nature as well as his manner. It is no easy task for an actor to evolve such a character out of the ordinary dialogue presented to him to study. Only artists can do this, and Mr. Cartwright can claim that distinction. Of course it is a repulsive character, one with which no one can sympathise; but it is a type. The actor does not flinch from his work, but goes boldly at it, winning his way by subtlety and thought. Mr. Cartwright is an actor of brains, as opposed to the ordinary actor of beauty. Mr. J. L. Shine has done nothing so well on the stage as his rollicking tar, the very soul of good-nature; and he has to assist him in the comic scenes Miss Clara Jecks, one of the cleverest little actresses on the stage, who makes the most of every line that is given to her. Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Dalton Somers, Miss Sallie Turner, and many more, are very usefully employed, and in few recent Adelphi dramas has the acting been so even and good. The play is mounted in the very best style, and the electric light has already done wonders at the Adelphi. The theatre, always well ventilated, is delightfully cool, and the stage looks far prettier and brighter with the new light than with the old gas. There is not the slightest trouble or difficulty in adapting electricity to revolving scenes, and doubtless, in a short time we shall see it at every theatre in London, whereby heat will be lessened and danger minimised. Messrs. Gatti thoroughly deserve the success that has attended careful management and liberal enterprise. All the country cousins will be flocking to see "The Union Jack," and it will be waving over the new and improved Adelphi long after the hard-worked world has returned from rest and summer holidays.

For the very first time in the memory of man the month of August is to be given up almost wholly to the theatre. Hitherto there has been a pause in theatrical excitement after July. The dramatic critic has been allowed one brief month's holiday. But it is not so this year. Mr. Daniel Bandmann has come forward to destroy our peace. It was all comfortably arranged that Mr. Richard Mansfield should open at the Lyceum with his version of Louis Stevenson's story, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," early in September. The play and the performance having made a great hit in America, Mr. Mansfield was naturally anxious to try his fortune in England. All was arranged. The American company brought over by the clever young actor had actually landed in England, when up starts Mr. Bandmann with a new "Jekyll and Hyde" that had received no American cachet, and the Opera Comique Theatre is promptly taken, in order to anticipate his comrade and brother in art. But Mansfield happens to be as sharp as Bandmann, so, without a moment's consideration, he decided to start work at the Lyceum in the month of August, originally marked out as a holiday. Mr. Mansfield will accordingly be first in the field on Saturday, Aug. 4, anticipating by a few hours the Bandmann play on Bank Holiday, Aug. 6. This is as it should be, although a double dose of "Jekyll and Hyde" in the month of August may be trying to the dramatic constitution.

There will be an important change at the Princess's Theatre on Thursday, Aug. 2, when will be produced an American sensation fire-engine drama, called "The Still Alarm," one of the examples of highly-coloured realism that obtain favour at certain seasons of the year.

Meanwhile Miss Sophie Eyre is preparing for her autumn campaign at the Gaiety, and she proposes to open the doors of that theatre under her temporary management either on Friday or Saturday, Aug. 3 or 4. The first venture will be a new version of "Mr. Barnes of New York," called "Marita," by John Coleman, an earnest actor and a capable dramatist. Miss Sophie Eyre will, of course, be the Corsican beauty. At the end of August, the promised version of Rider Haggard's "She" will be ready, a play that has occupied the combined intellects of four dramatists. Mr. Haggard, Mr. Edward Rose, Mr. W. Sidney, and that clever young lady, Miss Clo. Graves, have all had a share in "She"; and it may be hoped that, in this instance, too many cooks may not spoil the dramatic broth. Miss Sophie Eyre has, however, a third iron in the fire. A new play, written by Mr. and Mrs. John Aylmer, and founded on a pathetic story by Ouida, will "follow on" if there be time. Here are, surely, novelties enough for the month of August, and possibly in the year 1888 the wretched dramatic critics will get a fortnight's holiday. Let us hope so; for what with matinées and night performances it has been a desperately trying and exhausting year.

In a letter to the *Morning Post* the Duke of Newcastle contradicts the report that he was about to join the Roman Church.

Sir George Pringle will retire from the office of secretary to the Ecclesiastical Commission at the close of the present session, after a service of about forty-five years, and will be succeeded by Mr. Alfred De Bock Porter, who has held the position of financial secretary for seven years.

Mrs. Fawcett puts forward an irresistible plea for help for the "humble little organisation" called the Travellers' Aid Society. This institution devotes itself to securing the safety and comfort of girls who arrive in London friendless or otherwise in distress. It rescues them from the dangers which would naturally beset them, and, whenever possible, sees that they arrive happily at their destination. Much of the society's work is done gratuitously, but it must needs have expenses, and these the public is asked to assist in defraying.

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## OBITUARY.

ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR E. HARRIS.

Admiral the Hon. Sir Edward Alfred John Harris, K.C.B., whose death we briefly referred to in our last Number as having taken place at his seat, Sandling Park, near Hythe, on July 17, was the second son of James Edward, second Earl of Malmesbury, by Harriet Susan, his wife, daughter of Mr. Francis Bateman Dashwood, of Well Vale, Lincolnshire; was born May 20, 1808, and received his education at Eton and at the Royal Naval College. His commission as Lieutenant bore date February, 1828, and that of Admiral on the Reserve list, 1877. From 1844 to 1852 he represented, as a Conservative, Christ Church in Parliament. In 1852 he was Chargé d'Affaires and Consul-General at Lima; from 1858 to 1867, Ambassador at Berne; and from 1867 to 1877, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Hague. He married, Aug. 4, 1841, Emma Wyly, youngest daughter of Captain Samuel Chambers, by whom he leaves a son, Lieut.-Colonel Edward James Harris, and other issue.

MR. SERGISON, OF CUCKFIELD PARK.

Mr. Warden Sergison, of Cuckfield Park, Sussex, J.P. and D.L., Hon. Major 2nd Sussex R.V., late Captain 4th Queen's Own Hussars, died on July 16. He was only son of the late Mr. Warden George Sergison, of Cuckfield, by Editha, his wife, daughter of Sir Jacob Henry Astley, Bart., of Melton Constable.

MR. BROWNE, OF BROWNE'S HILL.

Mr. Robert Clayton Browne, M.A., of Browne's Hill, in the county of Carlow, J.P. and D.L., died on July 22, aged eighty-nine. He was eldest son of the late Mr. William Browne, of Browne's Hill, Custos Rotulorum county Carlow, and M.P. for Portarlington, by Lady Charlotte Bourke, his wife, daughter of Joseph Deane, Earl of Mayo, Archbishop of Tuam. He served as High Sheriff in 1831; and married, Oct. 28, 1834, Harriette Augusta, daughter of Mr. Hans Hamilton, M.P. for the county of Dublin, and had three sons and one daughter. The Brownes of Browne's Hill have long held a leading position in the county of Carlow.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lady Wilson (Caroline), wife of Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, K.C.M.G., C.B., and daughter of Mr. R. Cooke, on July 13.

Lieutenant-General Fitzroy Millar Mundy, formerly of the Bengal Staff Corps, on July 12, aged seventy-three.

Julia Maria Frances, only daughter of Mr. Henry Hallam, F.R.S., and second wife of Sir John Farnaby Lennard, Bart., of Wickham Court, Kent, on July 15.

Etheldreda Julia, wife of Sir Astley Paston Cooper, Bart., of Gadesbridge, on July 17, aged fifty-three. She was daughter of Mr. George Newton, of Croxton Park, Cambridgeshire, and leaves three sons and two daughters.

Lady Archibald Campbell's pastoral play was given on July 25 at Cannizaro Wood, Wimbledon.

The Portraits and Memoirs of ten eminent contemporary Belgian painters, which appeared in our Journal on July 21, were much appreciated in artistic and amateur society at Antwerp; but the lamented death of one of them, M. Henri De Braekeleer, on the preceding day, gave a melancholy interest to that which concerned him. At the Exhibition of the Belgian Academy of Fine Arts, this year, several young Englishmen have distinguished themselves, gaining prizes for painting and drawing.

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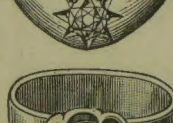
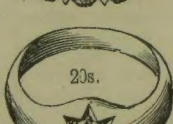
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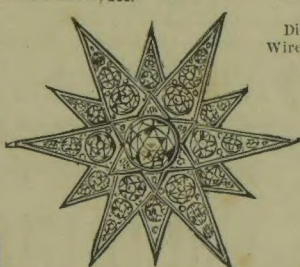
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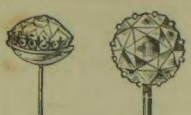
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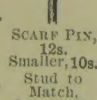


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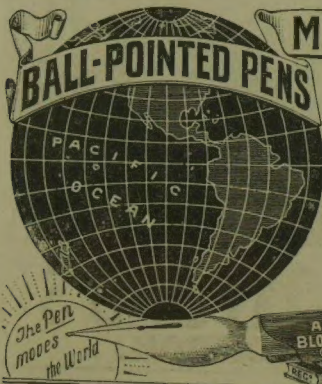
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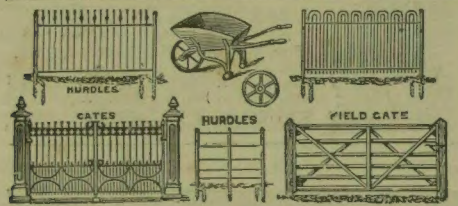
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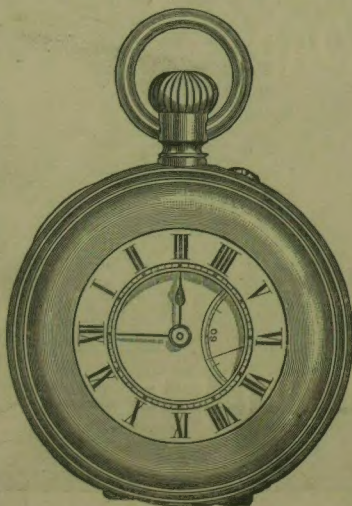
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